

# THE RAMBLER.

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## A GLIMPSE OF THE WORKING OF THE PENAL LAWS UNDER JAMES I.

FROM UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

WHEN James I. came to the throne of England, those who were in the secret of the shameful and hypocritical advances he had made to the Pope and the Spanish monarch to adopt their religion, on condition of the receipt of a large pension and of the excommunication of all who should question his title to the English succession, naturally expected that the penal laws against "Popish recusants," which had been administered with a continually-increasing severity during the latter years of Elizabeth, would be allowed to rest and to be forgotten. The publication of a general pardon upon his accession (not, however, to be obtained without considerable fees) seemed to inaugurate this new policy. But the Catholics were doomed to a speedy and bitter disappointment. After a year the old fine of 20*l.* monthly was again demanded, with all the arrears that had accumulated during the suspension. James had found that he was safe enough in England without the Catholics; and his fears, the only motive that had any permanent influence on his conduct, were not strong enough to make him relinquish so convenient and abundant a source of income as was provided by the penal laws. By the sums thus extorted he was enabled to relieve himself from the claims and clamours of the needy Scotsmen who had pursued him from their own country, and now importuned him for a share in the good things of the land of promise. These adventurers appropriated a considerable share of the recusants' fines; the beggars of the north were enriched, and the gentlemen of the south reduced to beggary. No complaint was able to touch the king. "The exaction of the penalties," says Lingard, "was too profitable to James and his minions

to admit of redress by him; and among the magistrates in every locality were found persons eager to prove their orthodoxy by tormenting the idolatrous Papist, or to benefit their dependents and officials by delivering him up to the tender mercies of men who were careful to charge the highest price for the most trifling indulgence."

The records of the grants thus made still exist in the State-Paper Office, and have been examined and partially published by Mr. Tierney.\* But this was not the only pretext on which the recusants were fleeced in favour of the king's countrymen. The statute of 1606 had added to their monthly fines other enormous penalties for refusing to take the oath of allegiance, for sending their children for education to foreign parts, for not having their infants baptised in the parish-church, or for marrying in any other place. All through his reign James was continually quartering some of his needy retainers on each of these departments. So that as each animal has its own special vermin, each part of the body its own characteristic disease, so had each function of Catholicity its own particular parasite to feed. One feasted on the refusal of the oath; another on baptisms; others were maintained by informations about saying or hearing Mass; others lived by seizures of books of devotion and "superstitious" church-stuff.

The following original letters and documents, illustrative of this portion of history, are from a volume of official papers relating to "Popish recusants," issued or received by Sir Julius Cæsar, chancellor of the exchequer to James I., and preserved among the Lansdowne Mss. in the British Museum.

These documents contain much valuable information; among other things they hand down to perpetual infamy the names of some of the harpies for whose needs the Catholics were fleeced, and thereby show not only the tyrannous measures that were used by the government to put a few hundreds or thousands of pounds into these gentlemen's pockets, but still more the swindling dishonesty of the persons themselves to whom the grants were made. To pass over a long "project" of Mr. Spiller, a secretary of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in which he suggests means to raise an overplus from the revenues of recusants, "as well for satisfaction of 2000*l.* granted to Mr. Auchtmoutie, as to be reserved for reward to any other his majesty's servants, at his highness's good pleasure,"†—we will at once give extracts from other documents which show how, in May 1609, a Mr. Chambers, having received a grant

\* Dodd, vol. iv. app. ix.

† 5 April 1608. Lansdowne Mss., no. 153, fol. 117.

of 3000*l.* from the king, was allowed to raise the sum from the fines and goods of recusants in the counties of Derbyshire, Staffordshire, Monmouthshire, and Herefordshire, on condition of his paying one-third of the money to the king, and keeping the remaining two parts to his own use; and how, two years afterwards, the officers of the Exchequer, impatient at the slow progress, demanded an account. Whereupon Mr. G. Chambers, brother of the grantee, rendered in a statement on oath, by which it appeared that as yet only 676*l.* in fines, and 2220*l.* in goods, had been collected, at an expense of 1192*l.*; leaving still a large balance due to the grantee. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, hardly crediting the truth of this assertion, even on the oath of a Calvinistic devourer of recusants' houses, ordered his clerk, Mr. Spiller, to make a report on the case. This is done in a businesslike manner; the official, "finding Mr. Chambers not well conceiving what he hath alleged," and that "he only affirmeth the receipt of so much money," without any denial of having obtained more, at once concludes that "he hath not cleared the general report to have received a far greater sum."

To show how much greater the amount really received was than that acknowledged upon oath, Mr. Spiller proceeds to give the following astonishing instance: "By the inquiries, I find as well the yearly values of lands as prices of goods certified at very low rates"—(our readers are aware that two-thirds of the lands of recusants convict were forfeit to the crown during recusancy; these lands had been granted to Mr. Chambers);—"and where by the said account he acknowledgeth to have received compositions for lands of several recusants leased unto him at 300*l.* rent, *if it shall appear that for thirty shillings yearly rent Mr. Chambers hath received to his own purse 100*l.**, your honour may thereby judge what in the gross Mr. Chambers hath or might have made." Mr. Spiller suspects that the same fraud was employed with regard to the recusants' goods seized. "Moreover, by the said account is testified the receipt of 280*l.* for recusants' goods, according to the values by inquisition. But a further profit was raised in respect of the undervalues, for which Mr. Chambers received private composition. Thereof he omitted to yield any account. Yet of all the goods so disposed by Mr. Chambers to his own use, his majesty hath not received any portion of the third part due for the same."

One would think that this gentleman would have been contented with returning his profits at only one-and-a-half per cent of their true value. But no, he appears to have adopted the same system of false returns with regard to his expenses:



"Touching Mr. Chambers's charges expended in the prosecution of this service, which is cast up to 1192*l.*, I am not acquainted with any such disbursements, or ever received one penny thereof in lieu of my labours and friendly offices done him. Yet am I confident the values which Mr. Chambers hath raised might be doubled to his majesty's coffers in one year, under half Mr. Chambers's expenses, if the general grants were not impediments to a legal and orderly proceeding."

And these private persecutors were much harder men in dealing with the unfortunate recusants than the officials of the government when left to themselves. The poor fleeced Catholics are always glad to get out of their lists; Mr. Spiller contrasts their sharp practice with the slower and more cumbersome advance of the government causes.

"Mr. Chambers complaineth of slackness in officers; therein I will only answer for myself, that he hath had more assistance, sharper process, and speedier proceedings in his particular suit for recovering these debts (whereof some were charged upon men being no recusants) than hath been awarded or executed at the suit of his majesty or the late queen in levying any debts of this nature."\*

We next meet with a brace of the vermin who fed on the more special functions of Catholics. By Act of Parliament,† a penalty of 100*l.* was inflicted on Popish recusants not baptising their children in the parish-church. This source of revenue was too tempting to be resisted by certain unjust stewards, unable to dig and ashamed to beg, but resolved somehow to live at other people's expense. Accordingly, at p. 139 of the same Ms. book, we find a petition, dated July 12, 1611, from Claud Hamilton and Walter Allison, "his majesty's faithful servants," to the Archbishop of Canterbury, reciting the king's grant to them of the fines upon baptism, and the archbishop's warrant to search; asserting that they had discovered instances of the infringement of the law, and therefore praying his grace to write letters to the Chancellor of the Exchequer for a certificate and warrant of execution.

Annexed to this document is the paper therein referred to, containing the "information" about the persons thus illicitly baptising their children. It is a certificate from John Morres, vicar of Blackbourn, Lancashire, dated June 17, 1611, which we give at length as a specimen of the kind of information on which these fines were levied. It is the only

\* Lansdowne Mss., no. 153, fol. 63.

† 3 Jac. I. cap. v. § 10.



one contained in the Ms. volume on which we are at present engaged.

The names\* of the parents who have had children born within these six years not baptised in the parish-church, nor elsewhere known by me to be baptised, which I verily think were baptised by Popish priests, who do swarm in these parts at this day.

*Imprimis.* Mr. Sympsonn, Esq., a northern man resyding at Dynkeley Hall, the inheritance of John Talbot of Saleburye, Esq.

It. Mr. Thos. Houldenn of Wyttonn, gent., that hath three children, *ut supra*.

It. John Tallbott of the Carr, gent., all his children for any thing I know, *ut supra*.

It. John Sharpless of Balderston, all his children for any thing I know, *ut supra*.

It. John Bradeley of Osbaldeston, all his, *ut supra*; and these be all noted and notorious recusants.

It. Within the parish of Samesbury, a chapelry belonging to Blackbourne, where they marry, bury, and baptise, there have not been twenty baptised within these seven years at the church.

Ita testor ego Johes. Morres,  
vicarius de Blackeborne predict.  
non sine summo animi dolore.

I also hope to find out many more within these two months, and to certify my hon. patron of the estate of our parish and country more fully. I mean my L. of Canterbury his grace.

JNO. MORRES.

It. John Sothworth of Samsbury, son and heir of Thos. Sothworth, Esq. of Samsbury aforesaid. J. M.

Doubtless Catholic priests have been always moderately plentiful in Lancashire; but the vicar's expression, "who do swarm in these parts," is probably partly attributable to the same feeling which made the Irish Protestant lady refuse to pay a second visit to the Dublin Exhibition, because the first time she went "the place was literally crawling with priests."

But Auchtmoutie and Chambers, Hamilton and Allison, were leeches of small capacity in comparison with the other thirsty and titled bloodsuckers whom James fed in this (to himself) inexpensive way. One of the chief of these was the Duke of Lennox, who, not satisfied with a goodly list of recusants who had been committed to his tender mercies from an early year of James's reign, petitions in June 1613 for "the benefit of all such debts and sums of money as are taken up, refrained, or suspended, of, from, or for recusants, and are due unto and leviabie by his majesty's seizures"—including all

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 140. Junii 17, 1611. Blackeborne, Com. Lanc.

arrears from the fortieth year of Elizabeth to the tenth of James I. The king gave the duke a warrant to make any profit he could of these arrears, either by legal course or by composition, on condition of his paying a certain part (left blank) into the Exchequer. Sir Julius Cæsar does not seem to have been pleased either with the proceeding, or the manner in which it was announced; the first he heard of it was from the duke's secretary, who asked him "to peruse the enclosed, and with his first leisure to repair unto the duke, to confer about it." The chancellor professed himself at a complete loss to understand what debts they were to which his grace referred, and remitted the matter to the Solicitor-general to determine "what debts are desired, what is the meaning of their having been taken up of recusants, refrained from recusants, or suspended for recusants; and also how it may appear that such debts are either due or payable by seizures, and ought to be satisfied to his majesty." It seems, however, that the accommodating lawyers decided in the duke's favour, and contented him; for not long after we find him writing (this time with his own gracious hand) to Sir Julius, to urge some one else's suit for a share in the same booty. We will transcribe a sentence or two from this precious epistle:

"Sr, the berair heiroy hes gottin a gratiuous reference of a certane petition w<sup>th</sup> he maid you acquent of befoir. It will pleais you thawfoir the rather for my requeist to give way thairto, as for my own particularis I have gevin information w<sup>th</sup> credeit to y<sup>e</sup> berair, I sall godvilling w<sup>th</sup> tyme have ane cair to requeit your kyndnes towardis me, &c. &c."

What an aggravation to the oppressed Catholics, to be thus made the prey of poor and proud barbarians, who could neither speak or write the language of the country! "Have I lived," says Falstaff, "to stand at the taunt of one that makes fritters of English?"

Another of these noble rascals was the Lord Viscount Haddington. The king had made a grant to him out of these funds; but as the exchequer was empty, he could not be paid. A message was therefore sent to Sir Julius to make haste and feed the cormorant. Sir Julius writes the following letter to the king, which sufficiently explains itself.

#### No. I.

*Sir Julius to King James I. 1612.\**

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,—Whereas your majesty hath lately directed me by signification from Sir Thomas Lake, that I should use all care and expedition in supplying my Lord Haddington his

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 45.

wants out of such moneys as may be raised from recusants refusing the oath of allegiance, or by some of them who shall be admitted to composition. Herein I beseech your majesty to conceive that I have not neglected by mine uttermost endeavour to put in execution the charge which your majesty gave me in that particular at Tibault's, and my lords can witness that I have several times conferred with them about the manner of proceeding therein, without making mention of my lord viscount's name. Whereupon it is resolved, that a certain number of the principal recusants dwelling in the counties near adjoining to London shall be sent for to appear before my lords at the council-board. Nevertheless, because the justices of assize and of the peace have authority by the law to tender the oath unto all under the degree of nobility,\* it is thought fit first to examine their certificates, by which will appear what service in that kind hath been performed by the judges in their several circuits; and so may we with the more justice and judgment be informed against whom to proceed, as may best stand both with your majesty's honour and profit. Herein I beseech your majesty to license me to deliver my private opinion to your highness what I conceive will be the end of this proceeding by the course which I find the recusants hold in the beginning. And first, touching those of whom the law hath taken hold by a legal conviction, namely, the Lord Vaux, his mother, Sir Henry James, and William Vavasour of Yorkshire, of whose estates commissions are awarded to inquire; so many questions usually arise either before the commissioners, or upon the finding of offices, or before the barons of the exchequer, in point of pleading such evidence, as either by them or their ancestors have formerly been made to prevent the penalty of the law, that I doubt much that in these and the like will be found only a state for term of life. So it would be considered, whether the issues of their lands, which can be paid but half-yearly, or the fines which they may be drawn presently to pay your majesty (especially to redeem their liberty) may be of better value.

I find likewise that some of the recusants of name and quality, as Middleton of Yorkshire, Towneley of Lancashire, Edwardes of Flintshire, and others, being by special warrant commanded to appear at the council-table, finding that neither Vavasour nor the rest are admitted to composition, have lately withdrawn themselves, and secretly keep in obscure places, where neither messengers nor other officers can yet discover them. And by their precedent (as I am informed) many other recusants, as well in the north parts as elsewhere, either out of the fear of justice, or despair of being admitted to composition, have lately forsaken their dwelling-houses, and lurk in secret places not to be found.

It is therefore to be presumed that the meaner sort of recusants within this your majesty's kingdom who keep within their confine-

\* Art. 7, Jac. I. c. vi. § 3, A.D. 1609. Privy council may tender the oath to peers, and justices of the peace to all other subjects above the age of eighteen.



ments, will either take the oath of allegiance, or that, they refusing the same, little or no benefit will arise to your majesty by their forfeitures. And for such who be of better ability, if they may not be assured of composition before they deliver themselves into the hands of justice, they will for the most part remain as fugitives within your majesty's dominions, and not appear when they shall be summoned. This I fear may prove disadvauntable to your majesty in point of profit, and dangerous in the precedent; both which I know your majesty will timely foresee, in reason of state.

Lastly, if by a moderate and fit course of composition your majesty may receive from such recusants good sums of money, and consequently weaken their estates, and yet oblige them unto you by your mercy, so far supereminent above the extremity of your justice, there will yet arise a further benefit to your majesty and the state thereby, in that you may truly understand the persons, their degrees and condition, who affect not the oath of allegiance; whereas now they are either not known, or being suspected, cannot be adjudged but good subjects if they shall readily take the oath (albeit they do it to save their goods and lands, and be it never so much against their mind). Your majesty may therefore please to take into your gracious consideration what in my particular duty and service I have herein remembered to your majesty, which I learned out of your sacred mouth at your first conference with my lords concerning this course.

At the present, my Lord Vaux his tenants offer, for the discharge of him and his mother and their forfeitures and imprisonments, 2000*l.*, Vavasour 700*l.*, Middleton and Towneley, to be released of the oath, 1000*l.*

Of these what your majesty shall please to accept, the same may be disposed to your own necessities, which are extreme and pressing, or otherwise, as to your highness shall be thought fit. And so, hoping that I have fully or in some reasonable measure given an answer to the points of Sir Thomas Lake's letter, written unto me by your majesty's commandment, and most humbly craving pardon of all my faults and errors, I beseech the Almighty to grant unto your majesty a long and prosperous reign over us.

Your majesty's most humble subject and servant,

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Strand, 14th Aug. 1612.

In answer to this long letter, Sir Julius perhaps received a fresh command to make haste, and to pay Lord Haddington 500*l.* at once; for the next day he writes again to the king to acknowledge the receipt of the order, but at the same time to say that he had no money in hand. He repeats, that if the law takes its course, no fines will be returnable till Michaelmas; but that if money is wanted immediately, it can be had from those who offered composition to be excused from taking the oath. This, however, he cannot take upon himself

to accept, as it is contrary to orders given at a council lately held at Theobalds. Therefore he sends a schedule of names; suggesting that they should be at once summoned to London, and made to take the oath, or else fleeced of their property.

No. II.

*A Copy of my Letter to the King touching Forfeitures of some Recusants begged by my Lord Haddington, &c.\**

MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN,—I received of late a letter from Sir Thomas Lake signifying your majesty's pleasure concerning 500*l.* to be paid to my Lord Viscount Haddington; of those moneys whereout that payment should have been made, no penny hath been received since that time. The process gone out against the lands and goods of the Lord Vaux and his mother, Sir Henry James and William Vavasour, will not be returnable till Michaelmas term next; but the Lord Vaux and his mother, by their tenants, offer 2000*l.* in money, and William Vavasour 700*l.*, if it may be accepted, for their pardons of all their forfeitures and imprisonment. Others not yet convented have been sent for, but cannot yet be found; only two of them, namely, William Middleton, Esq., of Yorkshire, and Richard Towneley, Esq., of Lancashire, offer 500*l.* a-piece not to be put to their oaths. Wherein, as in all others of that kind, I dare not meddle, it being contrary to your majesty's resolution when you spake last with your council at Theobalds. And therefore my lords have sent both for them and divers others contained in this enclosed schedule, and mean to send for all the rest in that schedule, and to proceed with them according to the law. Whereof I hope your majesty shall receive satisfaction at your coming to Windsor. And so, most humbly craving pardon of my faults and errors, I beseech the Almighty to grant unto your majesty a long and prosperous reign over us.

Your majesty's most humble subject and servant,

J. C.

Strand, 15th August 1612.

This list contains† many names still (or lately) well known to Catholics. Middleton, Gascoine, Cholmeley, Dolman, Preston, Townley, Wiseman, Plowden, Gifford, Biddulph, Throckmorton, Gage, Digby, Arundel, Tregean, Tichbourne, Carew, Mennell, Catterick, Ingleby, Witham, and many others. Letters from several of them to Mr. Spiller, through whom they make their offers, and for whose good offices with the lords of the council they ask, are bound up in this very interesting volume. Sir Julius seems to have had them summoned on speculation; for their letters are mostly dated in the June and July of this same year, whereas the schedule bears

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 43.

† Ib. fol. 51.

date July 18, 1612. The earliest of the letters is dated in May, and is from Mr. Edward Morgan.

No. III.

*Mr. Edward Morgan of Monmouthshire, 22d May 1612.\**

I.H.S.

Having now almost five weeks attended his majesty's pleasure and my lords of his highness's privy council touching the new oath of allegiance, and being to resolve as well upon that as upon the other payment of *xxli.* a month which I have long continued; and where, at my first coming, I found myself one of those which were contained in my lord of Lennox's list, and now as I hear it pleaseth his highness to restore these penalties to his highness's own use: duty therefore bindeth me to be more willing to strain myself to give satisfaction to his majesty than any other. I therefore, conceiving that by your attendance on the lords you may understand in these cases more than any other, entreat you that I may learn what will be his majesty's and their honours' pleasure touching me. My age and infirmities of body are many, whereby I account myself half-dead in my grave: mine estate was once indifferent, but now very mean: my four sons by my first wife having above five hundred pounds yearly assured them out of my poor living above ten years since, and all the rest, lands and leases, assured, after my life, to mine eldest son. His majesty, as you know, hath 260*l.* yearly, besides I pay in rent to the college of Eaton and others 300*l.* yearly: my charge is great, having by my now wife six small children unprovided for: and my true debts are 2000*l.*: nevertheless, if his majesty would please to be so gracious unto me as to accept 1000*l.*, and to give me discharge for this oath as it lieth, I shall willingly take an oath to the effect herein contained, which I dutifully offer to express mine allegiance to his majesty, and will most willingly undergo my former monthly payment of 20*l.*; if this may redeem his majesty's grace and mercy towards me, I shall submit myself thereunto. Otherwise, before I shall ruinate my house and children's fortunes, I must refer the scruples of my conscience to the gracious directions of God his Holy Spirit. Howsoever, if his majesty so please, he may in these cases make unto his exchequer a good increase of the revenue, and I assure myself a great increase of that dutiful affection which his poor Catholic subjects owe and bear both to his highness and his hopeful and happy issue; for whose life, health, and reign amongst us I shall daily pray, with that true devotion as any who have most tasted of his majesty's bounty or favour. And so I bid you farewell, and do rest,

Your loving friend,

EDWARD MORGAN.

To my worthy and good friend, Henry Spyller, Esq., be these.

It will be seen that not only Morgan, but most of the other

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 78.



gentlemen whose letters we shall transcribe, threatened, in case their offers were not accepted, to consider whether they would not take the oath. This was, no doubt, with most of them a mere empty threat; for they knew well enough that the crown wanted not their oaths, but their money;—it was only the bereaved milch cows threatening to live a life of celibacy unless their milk was accepted in lieu of their calves. But even if they were serious, it was no question of apostasy from the Church. Pope Paul V., indeed, had condemned the oath, as containing matter contrary to faith and salvation; but, on the other hand, a large body of secular priests, with Blackwell at their head, taught that it might be taken; and many of the laity, acting under their advice as their immediate superiors, took it when it was tendered, and thus freed themselves from the penalties of a *præmunire*. In the midst of such a wearing persecution we must not be too hard on those who cast away every thing but the bare plank of faith; the outlying opinions of orthodoxy were as difficult to preserve as the ornaments of worship.

The oath is well known. Its substance is a disclaimer of the deposing power of the Popes; its sting is in a declaration that this doctrine is impious, heretical, and damnable, and that the swearer, from his heart, abhors, detests, and abjures it. Many persons might have very fairly abjured a theological opinion, which, however respectable, had never been declared *de fide*; but to tax all the honoured ecclesiastics and theologians who held it with heretical and damnable impiety was too strong a demand. The very introduction of this clause proves that it was never sincerely meant as a test of a man's true allegiance, but only as a snare for his conscience, and as a kind of burglar's tool for robbing him of his property.

However, poor Mr. Morgan was not put to the test—his offer was accepted; and on the 15th of June he writes to Mr. Spiller the following grateful acknowledgment of his services:

No. IV.

*From the same to the same. 15th June 1612.\**

I.H.S.

If I cannot express the contentment mine heart conceiveth of the gracious favour it pleaseth his majesty to extend towards me in accepting the thousand pounds I have offered for the discharge of the oath, which I protest I give with as hearty goodwill as ever I did any thing in my life: and the rather much for that I am satisfied by yourself it goeth to his majesty's own coffers and use: wishing it were many a thousandfold more: and for proof of my

\* Lansdowne Mss. fol. 84.

humble thankfulness, I shall both daily and ever pray Almighty God heartily for the long life in health and prosperity both of his highness and all his hopeful issues ; and provide with all my possible power the means to satisfy mine offer ; which I trust will be by the time it shall please his majesty that my discharge be put in a readiness ; the manner and form whereof I willingly and humbly refer unto his highness's gracious and favourable order ; nothing doubting but that his highness will please, of his own royal inclination, to afford me more than becoming me to demand ; which I look not to have until I make full and entire payment of what I have undertaken : for the speedy despatch of all which, I do only attend the course it shall please his majesty to set down ; and so do rest,

Your loving friend,

EDWARD MORGAN.

From my lodging in Howlboorne, this 15th of June.

With all his gratitude, it is amusing to see that the poor gentleman knew the manners and customs of the court too well to pay a penny of his composition before the discharge was ready to be delivered to him in due form. The royal pickpocket would probably have forsworn the receipt of the money, if the payer had trusted but a day to his honour or his memory.

The next letter is written by Edward Gage, Esq., of Sussex, from Liege, in Belgium, whither he had retired for the benefit of his health.

No. V.\*

MR. SPILLER, my very good friend,—Whereas I understand by divers, that at this present the late oath of allegiance is required of divers in England. And whereas, by license from his majesty, I am permitted to live in these parts for the benefit of my health, and may happen at my return home to be pressed likewise with the taking of the same, wherein it may be I may have some scruple of conscience to take the said oath literally according to every word thereof, being an old unlearned man, and seeing learned men make some question thereof. Yet am I ready, and ever will be, to testify my faith and allegiance to his majesty as far forth as any other shall do, be it by oath or otherwise. If you, by such means as you know best, can procure that I may not be pressed with the said oath to the trouble of my conscience now in my old age, being threescore and ten years old, sickly, and ready to step into my grave, you shall do me such a friendship as I shall never forget, nor leave unrequited towards you. And moreover, according to my small power, I will yield up to his majesty a thankful gratuity for so great mercy and compassion extended towards me. You know, Mr. Spiller, that my livelihood was never but mean ; and, upon the death of my son, I sold away two parts of three of my lands, not

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 82.

looking to live longer now. With the money thereof I paid my debts and advanced my children and grandchildren. The rest which is left serveth me but barely to maintain myself, my wife, and family: the same, after my decease, is already assured unto my next heir by good conveyance in law. All which notwithstanding, to show my grateful heart unto his majesty for such his princely favour to be shown me, I will yield into his coffers three hundred pounds in money, being more than my poor estate will well afford. I thank God, in all my lifetime I have lived without suspicion of disloyalty or undutifulness; whereof her late majesty was so well persuaded, as, by the benefit of her favour, I lived untroubled; neither would I wish longer to live than to carry a faithful and true heart to his majesty that now is. I pray let me know whether I may be freed from the scruple of my conscience in this point by such offer as I have herein made; otherwise I stand doubtful whether I shall do as others of my sort have done, rather than to see my wife, children, and family to be brought to extreme necessity and beggary. Thus, hoping to hear from you as soon as you can, I end with my very loving commendations.

Your very assured friend,

EDWARD GAGE.

From Leige, near unto the Spawe, the 10th of June 1612.

The next is from a poor oppressed recusant, who for his refusal of the oath had long lain in the pestilential dungeons of Newgate.

No. VI.\*

SIR,—Being convicted in the præmunire, and committed to Newgate, where I have continued long in great misery, and with no small peril of my health. And being sincerely desirous to give his most excellent majesty all humble satisfaction of my obedience to his highness's laws; yet enforced by the imminent danger of sickness, if I should continue much longer in so pestilent a place, to sue in all humility for the king's most gracious mercy. And conceiving by your often attendance upon the lords of his most honourable privy council in the course of these affairs, that you may much further my humble desires, I do most earnestly entreat you to present unto his most royal majesty my voluntary offer of seven hundred pounds, to be disposed at his pleasure out of my poor estate. The which sum of money, as it is the uttermost I can possibly pay or perform, in regard of the small portion of lands left me for my life by my lately deceased ancestor, who was not my father, but my uncle; also in respect of my great debts and extraordinary charge of children: so may it please his most princely bounty to accept thereof, and release my imprisonment, and vouchsafe me his gracious pardon, I shall daily pray in the sincerity of my soul for the continuance of his highness's happiest days, and his royal issue ever to reign over us. Thus, in assurance of your friendly and charitable

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 87.



endeavours in this behalf, I commit you to the protection of Almighty God. From Newgate, this 19th of June 1612.

Your assured poor friend,

WILLIAM VAVASOUR.

To the worshipful, my approved good friend,  
Mr. Henry Spyller, Esq.

The following letter is interesting as showing the professions of humility and ignorance with which the Catholics were obliged to approach the throne of the crowned theologian. How revolting it must have been to them to have to qualify his heartless oppression with the name of mercy, and to shelter their rejection of his crazy divinity behind the profession of a weak understanding and a want of learning! What chance had Catholics against the assumptions of the parsons, when it was necessary to use such apologetic language as this for the staple of their appeals, and for the preface to every statement of their claims, unless they wished to be kicked out of court unheard?

#### No. VI.

*Wm. Middleton's Letter about the Oath. 24th July 1612.\**

HONOURED SIR,—Whereas I have received a letter from some of his highness's most honourable privy council willing and requiring me to make my personal appearance before their honours, to answer to such matters as should be objected against me; and being informed that the occasion of my sending for was to the end to have the new oath of allegiance tendered unto me, which, with all dutiful respect I am most willing and ready, for all matters of temporal allegiance, sincerely and faithfully to acknowledge, but because there be some matters contained in the said oath which to my weak understanding (being altogether unlearned) seem something obscure. And, for that I do hear that his highness's pleasure is forth of his gracious clemency to admit such persons whose consciences are not well settled for the taking of the aforesaid oath as it lieth to their fine for the same. Therefore my earnest desire unto you is, that in my behalf you will be pleased to make offer of four hundred pounds to his highness, which with all dutiful submission I will freely give unto his majesty, and think myself most happy if thereby I may redeem his majesty's grace and mercy towards me; otherwise, if this large offer (my weak estate considered) may not be accepted, I will endeavour not to be singular in my own opinion, but seek to satisfy the scruples of my conscience rather than to hazard to utter overthrow of me and mine. For, first, it is well known that, by reason of my great debt, I was forced to let long leases of a good part of my estate, reserving the old and ancient rent. Secondly, that my lands are charged with divers great annuities to several persons for lives, and a yearly fee-rent to his majesty. Thirdly,

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 80.

my eldest son upon his marriage had a good part of my estate allotted unto him in presente, and the reversion of all the rest then also settled upon him and his heirs; so I have no means to relieve myself now by leasing of any of my lands but for my life only. Fourthly, the payment of five hundred pounds which I made to Mr. Nathsmith, his majesty's servant, by the direction and appointment of the last lord-treasurer. And lastly, two parts of my lands are seized into his majesty's hands. All which being considered, I hope his majesty will be graciously pleased to commiserate my distressed estate, and accept of the aforesaid fine; for which gracious goodness I and mine shall ever, according to our bounden duties, have good cause daily to pray to Almighty God that his majesty and his royal issue may for ever both healthfully and happily reign over us. And so, making bold to commend the care of this my business unto you, for which, God willing, I shall ever rest

Your much obliged,

WILL. MIDDELTON.

To the worshipful, my very loving friend,  
Henry Spiller, Esq., these.

The last letter which we shall transcribe is from Sir Henry James, of Kent, who appears to have been imprisoned in May for refusing the oath, and in November writes the following appeal to Sir Julius Cæsar himself.

No. VII.

*Sir Henry James, Knight, condemned for the refusing the Oath of Supremacy, to Sir Julius Cæsar. 2d Nov. 1612.\**

RIGHT HONOURABLE,—I humbly beseech your honour to vouchsafe the reading of these few lines, and to pity my distressed estate. I am here a prisoner, and so have remained by the space of these six months past, without means to relieve myself, and without friends to petition or entreat for me. His majesty's indignation towards me is more heavy and grievous than all other miseries that could be heaped upon me in this world. This only comfort is left me, that as Almighty God hath established his highness king of so many kingdoms and people, so hath the divine grace given him a heart endued with mercy and clemency, which I should never despair to taste of in such measure as other his subjects have done, if his majesty did but certainly know the loyalty and faithful heart I do and ever shall bear unto him; and likewise, that his highness were truly informed of my poor estate. For the first, I do here protest that, touching all manner of temporal obedience, duty, faith, and loyalty to his majesty, I ever shall and will, not only acknowledge the same, but will be ever ready to justify it with the loss of my life. And for that poor estate and revenue I have of inheritance, that is settled and entailed by my ancestors to descend and come to my sons after my decease. I am old in years, diseased, and without relief; my wife and nine children living in great want and

\* Lansdowne Mss. 153, fol. 94.

misery. May it therefore please your honour to take some opportunity to move his majesty to have commiseration of me and my poor children. Humbly beseeching his highness of his princely clemency to pardon my offence, and to impose such fine upon me as my estate may bear, so as myself and my children may be able to live, and be preserved from ruin and overthrow. And we shall ever be bound to pray for his majesty's prosperity. And so I humbly commend myself and these my troubles to your honourable commiseration.

Your honour's, in all duty ever to be commanded,

HENRY JAMES.

This gentleman's property lay chiefly in the Romney Marshes, Kent. From a paper of Mr. Spiller's, written in March 1607 (fol. 125), he appears at some time before that date to have conformed to the state religion; but in 1612 he was evidently acting as a true and zealous Catholic. It is noticeable that he makes no threat about taking the oath: he had once tasted the bitterness of apostasy, and was careful not even to name such a thing in future, though it should be only in jest, or as an empty threat.

This little episode is a fair specimen of the commotion and distress which thrilled through the whole English Catholic body whenever it pleased one of James's minions to lose more than he could afford at the gaming-table, to run up a larger bill with his tailor than he could conveniently pay, or even to conceive a desire to lay up a little more money in his chest than he as yet possessed. *Quidquid delirant reges plectuntur Achivi*; whatever mad measure these gay Scotchmen chose to dance, the poor Romans had to pay the piper. Such was the origin of the wealth of some of the most respectable Protestant families;—a grant of other people's property, wheedled out of a weak and unprincipled monarch, and farmed with the most reckless and profligate dishonesty; while, at the same time, these matchless hypocrites would talk and write about religious matters in the most unctuous way, taking it for granted, as a fundamental principle of morals and theology, that the most acceptable service that could be performed for God, and the most meritorious action for the State, was to hunt down Papists, to root out recusants and their families from the land, and to plant themselves in their places.

It may be supposed that all these grants to his courtiers and needy countrymen, coupled with their outrageous dishonesty in collecting the money, reduced to a very small sum the yearly revenues which the king obtained from recusants. This, however, was not the case. According to his own account, he received from them a net income of thirty-six thou-



sand pounds per annum. (*Hardwicke Papers*, i. 446.) But it is clear that James either undervalued his revenue from this source as grossly as such persons as Mr. Chambers undervalued theirs, or else that the officers of the exchequer purloined very handsome perquisites during the passage of the money through their hands. The following memoranda, which are evidently notes given by Mr. Spiller to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and therefore doubtless perfectly authentic, may be found at fols. 107 and 324 of the same volume of Mss.:

No. 1. *Indorsed, Recusants, 10 Julii 1612.*

Curia Scij (Saccarii).

<p>The forfeitures of recusants which have been escheated into this court from the beginning of Michaelmas term, in the ninth year of the king's majesty's reign, to the end of Trinity term, in the tenth year of his said majesty's reign, do in the whole amount unto, as by the estreats thereof remaining in the custody of the clerk of the estreats of this court, and by him cast up, particularly appeareth :</p>	}	<p>ccclxx<sup>m</sup> Dcxl<sup>li</sup>  et ccccxx<sup>li</sup>  in toto  ccclxxi<sup>m</sup> Lx<sup>li</sup>  <i>i. e.</i> three hundred  and seventy-one  thousand and sixty  pounds.</p>
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The second memorandum for the next year shows a falling off:

The forfeitures of recusants which have been escheated into this court from the beginning of Michaelmas term, anno 10 Jacobi I., to the end of Trinity term, anno 11, do in the whole amount to 93,100*l.*, as by the estreat thereof remaining in the custody of the clerk of the estreats of this court particularly appeareth.

So that in one year, besides all the private peculations of the Aughtmouties, the Chambers's, the Lennox's, the Haddingtons, and their dependents — besides all the extortions of pursuivants, messengers, magistrates, clerks, and higher officers — besides all the fees and expenses of prosecutions, summons, and other costs — the English Catholics paid into the exchequer the sum of *three hundred and seventy thousand pounds*, and the next year ninety-three thousand pounds! At this rate, considering the then value of money, the annual sufferings of the Catholic body must have been about ten times greater than those of all the depositors and shareholders, and other victims of the speculations and frauds of Strahan and Paul, of John Sadleir, and the Royal British Bank. Let us suppose some thirty similar great swindles to take place regularly once a year for upwards of half a century, on each occasion bringing distress, ruin, and beggary to a fresh batch of victims, the pelf going to enrich quite as great scoundrels as any of the parties just named — the then population of England being

merely a fractional part of its present numbers, and the ruin being distributed among only one class, forming one fractional part of this diminished population;—and we shall get an approximate idea of the action of the penal laws, so far as the fines they inflicted were concerned. Add the chances of having your house broken into at the pleasure of every drunken constable or puritanical magistrate, and your liability to be dragged, with wife and children, to imprisonment, torture, and death; and from these separate members you may gather a faint conception of the means taken to establish the reformed religion in England. But we need go no further than the pecuniary question, in order to appreciate the virtues and the morality of those who established Protestantism in England, if we are to judge them by the Anglo-Saxon standard propounded in the *Times*, in a leading article on the suicide of John Sadleir: “He who carries disaster, if not absolute ruin, into a hundred families, is stained with deeper guilt than the mere ruffian who attacks life.”

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#### CATHOLICITY AND DESPOTISM.

WHEN a strong man is crossing the top of a mountain, with a high north-wind driving the sleet into his face, and searching through all his wrappings to his very skin, it is not easy for him to realise the fact that he is more healthily occupied than if he were seated in a pleasant garden, fanned by the warm and gentle south, and breathing only the odours of roses. So, too, with the keen gales of Protestant calumny blowing fiercely in the eyes of us Catholics, harassing and irritating us at every step we take, and drenching us with pitiless pelting showers, it requires some little philosophy and far-sightedness to avoid turning a wistful gaze to those continental resting-places where the wind blows in another direction, and where, if there is political bondage for the citizen, there is, or is supposed to be, religious peace for the Catholic. A Catholic may therefore hope to be pardoned by the severest critics, if he now and then contrasts the condition of his fellow-Christians in what are called “Catholic countries” with his own in a nation where Protestantism is dominant. Nor ought he to be very severely judged, if he now and then indulges in recriminations which needlessly irritate the self-love of John Bull, and induce the supposition that Catholics are lovers of despotism simply because they are Catholics, and not from any peculiarity of indi-

vidual opinion; that they are utterly insensible to the advantages which accrue to their religion from the freedom of their own country, and have no eye for any thing save its incidental evils. On this point, if we were writing for Protestant readers, we might and should insist with all our energy; and no reasonable man would deny the justice of our plea. But at present we are addressing our fellow-Catholics; and our object is not so much to enumerate the aggravating attacks and calumnies of which we are daily made the object by our boasting fellow-countrymen, as to call attention to the real state of the case, as regards facts in their completeness, and apart from the provocations which we ourselves may personally receive.

It is obvious that our first step towards making our way in our own country, and for gaining the position which as citizens we have a right to hold, is to master the real nature of the difficulties that stand in our way. It will avail us precisely nothing to get up the loudest cry about grievances, be they ever so real, if we thereby suffer our attention to be distracted from our actual condition as Englishmen, when compared with that of other Catholics in despotic countries. The work before us is constructive, and not destructive, except incidentally, and as a result of the success of our constructive labours. Nothing, therefore, can be more injudicious than the creation of needless difficulties, or the fostering of groundless prejudices in the minds of our Protestant fellow-subjects. Their dislike of Catholicism in itself, and apart from every accidental accompaniment, is so deep, so active, and so enduring, that it is madness to add to this dislike by associating our creed with political or social practices with which it has nothing on earth to do, but which happen to be singularly annoying to the British mind, whether in its infirmities or in its strength. Granting that John Bull shows himself simply a fool for objecting so blindly to sundry ways or notions of foreigners, and for hating Catholicism because he fancies these things to be a part of "Popery"—granting all this, our object is to overlook these follies for our own sake, as well as for his. Our work is not so much to expose the absurdities of our fellow-countrymen, as to convince them that we are not what they take us to be, and that our religion is not that monstrous compound of tyranny, priestcraft, superstition, ignorance, and immorality, which they have been brought up to consider it.

And as it happens that there is scarcely any thing on which your thorough Englishman is so sensitive as the freedom of speech and action in religion and politics which he himself enjoys, it would be clearly unwise on our part unnecessarily to run counter to his feelings on these points; and especially so,



when the fact is, that very many of us Catholics actually share the prevailing national sentiment in all its intensity. Every body who knows the English and Irish Catholic body, whether its "old Catholic" or "convert" portions, is aware that it is deeply leavened with a love of political and religious freedom; and that when we seem to cry out against it, it is only because we are so stung with the cruelty and falsehood of the accusations made against us, that for a moment we forget our general principles, and seem to adhere to notions which really have no root in our convictions, and which we should be the first to repudiate in our cooler moments. When we speak or write in extenuation or justification of the arbitrary proceedings of continental governments, and the Protestant looker-on takes us to be advocating the system of arbitrary restriction as a matter of principle, the fact is, that we are merely provoked by the extravagance and unfairness of the accusations of Protestantism; and in defending the accused in what we know they are innocent of, we appear to be upholding principles which we should be the first to disown if applied to ourselves. If a Catholic asserts that Louis Napoleon, *on the whole*, deserves well of his country, and rejoices that religion is advancing in France, he is supposed to desire to see the imperial rule applied in all its rigour to England, and to every other free nation. If he hints that the King of Naples is no worse a man, personally, than nine-tenths of monarchs, and that probably he is just as conscientious in his severities as Queen Victoria in her proprieties, he is thought to uphold every abuse, whether real or imaginary, that can thrive under an Italian police. The truth in these instances is, that we have a profound suspicion of the sources from whence these attacks on foreign Catholic powers emanate. We know from certain experience that half the stories which make the Englishman's hair rise perpendicularly from his head are pure fabrications; and we perceive that these fictions are swallowed with a double measure of credulity for no other reason than because they are told of persons who are Catholics in their religion, and therefore supposed to be capable of at least double the amount of iniquity of which a sound Protestant can possibly be guilty. Accordingly, we throw such doubt on the tales we hear, until they are fully confirmed, that the headlong Protestant mind, which itself is fully made up on the matter, sets us down as actually justifying the worst of evils; or, where it is a mere question of expediency, of advocating identically the same line of action for Englishmen which we maintain may be good and necessary for Spaniards or Italians.

Considering, then, with what a network of prejudices and

stupidities we are surrounded, it surely is well to abstain from multiplying its meshes by needlessly identifying ourselves with ideas and practices which we actually condemn, or which, at least, we should deeply lament to see applied to countries like our own. We must, at times, spare ourselves the pleasure of pushing overboard the nonsensical fictions and baseless reasonings of our excited fellow-countrymen, lest in so doing we tempt them to fancy that we ourselves uphold ideas which we strenuously reject, and justify certain alleged enormities or blunders, when we are really only doubting the fact of their existence.

Moreover, we ourselves are not so overstocked with enthusiasm, patience, perseverance, wisdom, acuteness, unity of spirit, and charitableness towards one another, that we can afford to forget our own infirmities, and safely enjoy the pleasant sport of watching our neighbours' iniquities, and thinking ourselves the most injured and meritorious creatures on the face of the earth. As long as we suppose that the great source of our troubles is the fact that we live in a country in which Protestantism is dominant, we shall never really master those difficulties which cause us such endless lamentations in private, even while our published lucubrations teem with exultation. Few things are more hurtful and paralyzing, as there is nothing more untrue, than the notion that in "Catholic countries" every thing goes on with a sort of millennial faultlessness; that all sovereigns are pious, all bishops wise, learned, immaculate, paternal, and admirable men of business; all nuns up to the ideal standard of the cloister; all monks models of asceticism; all priests first-rate preachers and spiritual directors; church-ceremonies very numerous and splendidly conducted; church-music exquisite and appropriate; and all schools for the poor in admirable order; in short, that nothing is easier than to go to heaven without the smallest hindrance, if only a man has the will for it!

The "continental mania," in fact, is a parallel to the mediæval mania which for a time afflicted us; but which is happily fast vanishing before the increase of knowledge and common sense. Men were smitten with the splendour of Gothic architecture—and no wonder; for what have the last three hundred years done in another line of art? They mourned over the desecrated shrines of York and Westminster, and concluded that when these glorious buildings were in Catholic hands all was perfect, and *therefore*—O, the wonderful syllogism!—*therefore* the revival of Gothic art was the right way to introduce mediævalism, and thus to catholicise mankind in general, and Great Britain and Ireland in particular. For-

tunately we have opened our eyes to the certainty, that though Gothic architecture is an excellent thing, and worthy of revival, medievalism in the lump is simply an extinct phase of human life; and that it can be no more recalled and made a reality than the Scotch people can be made to leave off trowsers and take to kilts, in imitation of the days when Wallace fought and Bruce was king.

But the same spirit of unreality and discontent still survives. If we have left off lamenting that we do not live in the thirteenth century, there are persons sufficiently prone to believe that England is a terrible place for a Catholic to live in, and that the Continent abounds with countries where kings, clergy, and people are united in one vast happy family, alike unhampered by heresies and unaffected by scandals. One man has the Belgian mania, another the Roman; another has the Gallomania, and thinks what a blessed thing it must be to live under Napoleon III.; and a fourth actually prefers Naples and its despotism, and fancies that as a Catholic he would be more free to save his soul unembarrassed by snares under the Neapolitan police than in the great godless Babylon of Middlesex. Because the Protestant newspapers abuse King Bomba, it is supposed that the said king must be the most injured of innocent men, whose whole soul is imbued with reverence for the Pope, and affectionate love for the Society of Jesus. Alas, what a delusion! Who are in the best condition, as far as freedom and every thing else is concerned, the Jesuits in Farm Street, London, or the Jesuits in Naples? Only conceive the Home Secretary sending Colonel Somebody or other down to Farm Street some fine morning, with a document drawn up about the Divine right of Parliaments, and forcing the clergy to sign it, under peril of being "kicked out" of the kingdom in the space of four-and-twenty hours!

Considering, then, the obvious evils which result from a want of due appreciation of the real nature of the difficulties which beset us as Catholics, it will not be a profitless speculation if we attempt to compare our advantages and disadvantages as subjects of Great Britain with those which are the lot of continental Catholics in general. In doing this, we must except one Catholic country from the list, viz. Belgium; in which, though the people are nationally Catholic, the political constitution much resembles our own; where, in fact, the people are, as in our case, the practically ruling power, and where consequently the *system* of the social state is unlike that of the other Catholic countries of Europe.

The one grand distinction, then, between our life as Eng-



lishmen and Irishmen, and that of the inhabitants of the continental kingdoms, is, we take it, our personal liberty of speech and action in things political and religious as well as in things social. Foreigners are often as free socially as we are; in some cases even more so. But there is not one large continental state in which the executive government will tolerate for an hour that liberty of speech and act, in matters which touch itself, which we all of us, Catholic and Protestant alike, habitually indulge in, and without which we should hold ourselves the most infamously used of mortals. The result, in our personal case as Catholics, is, no doubt, often extremely annoying and perplexing. It is not a little irritating to our tempers to find ourselves denied the commonest privileges which are accorded to every body but ourselves; to see our words doubted, our good actions kept out of sight or misrepresented, our motives perverted, our clergy treated with contempt, our sacred things mocked at, our very nuns made the object of coarse insult and threatened violence. It is sufficiently galling to read the tirades of the newspaper-press against all we hold dear; to see ourselves regarded as aliens, as false citizens, as habitual deceivers, as the votaries of ignorance and the slaves of priestcraft; to watch the careful and almost habitual suppression of every little anecdote which may tell in our favour, and the magnifying of every little event which may be wrested to our dishonour. It makes one's blood boil to witness the exclusion of our poor from domestic service, or other places of honest labour, solely on the ground that they are "Papists;" to reflect that a considerable portion of English society cannot sit in comfort at a dinner-table with us, or associate with us in any social amusement or undertaking, through hatred of our creed. It provokes the most patient to see the same ridiculous old absurdities about our faith and morals, which have been refuted thousands of times, still budding and vigorous as ever, and made to do duty in exasperating our fellow-countrymen against us. All these matters stir up our feelings against the state of things in which we live, and tempt us to look with wistful eyes to countries in which the State holds a strong hand over the manifestations of religious opinions among its subjects. We feel as if we could gladly exchange our own freedom to act and talk as we like on politics and religion for a condition of things in which at any rate all should go on quietly, and we should be left to pass through life and save our souls without being daily insulted by the newspapers, preached at in the churches and cathedrals built by our own ancestors, and snubbed by the queen and aristocracy. We

think how pleasant it would be to see the tables turned—to observe Cardinal Wiseman taking precedence of an English duke at a royal or imperial court, and to feel ourselves uppermost, while Protestants were snubbed in the same uncere- monious way that we are handled here.

As people of good sense and wisdom, however, let us look at the whole facts of the case. Let us consider them as good Christians, and not as flunkeys; as men, and not as cowards. The question is, what is best for our religion, and not what is most agreeable to us as members of the social body. As far as pleasantness is concerned, it is unquestionably more delightful to the feelings to kick than to be kicked. It is more soothing to the spirits of a Catholic to hear of the iniquities of Martin Luther than to have the history of Alexander Borgia thrown in his teeth. But this is not the point. The question is simply this—Are we in as good a position, as Catholics, in the England of this present day, as we should be if we lived under Louis Napoleon, the Emperor of Austria, the Queen of Spain, or Ferdinand of Naples?

Granting, then, to the full the extent of the injury to religion which results from the parliamentary and social prejudices and tyranny of Englishmen, should we really be willing to exchange them for the patronage of any Catholic despot on earth? And is it not the fact, that not only are many of our peculiar grievances paralleled by the very same abuses in Catholic countries, but that we are wholly free from sundry others, which tend to eat out the very life of religion, and are only held in check by the indestructible energy of Catholicism itself?

To go, however, a little into details. And to begin with our hierarchy and clergy. In what possible way would they be the better for the favour of the State, or for their general recognition as high ecclesiastical dignitaries by the gentry and aristocracy of the nation? We mean, of course, how would they be better off *as Bishops*? What hinderances have they now in the performance of their duties which the favour of the world would destroy? They have difficulties enough to satisfy the most determined lover of obstacles; but those difficulties are almost entirely of Catholic origin; Protestants have nothing to do with them. The *Times* newspaper and the rest of the press may bark and shout at Dr. Cullen and Cardinal Wiseman, but they do them no harm. The episcopacy of France, Austria, Spain, and Naples is infinitely more afraid of the *bite* of the Catholic sovereigns of those countries than our Bishops are of the wrath of Queen Victoria, or the Germanism and intrigues of Prince Albert.



Why, the very sentence we have this instant penned is a proof of the advantages of freedom to us as Catholics! What Catholic periodical-writer in France or Naples could dare to talk of the sovereign and his household as we are now speaking of Queen Victoria and her husband? What French or Austrian Bishop could attack government godless institutions as the Archbishop of Dublin and others have attacked the Irish godless colleges? In Belgium, indeed, the Bishops can publish what pastorals they like; but then Belgium, like England, has a free tongue. In France, on the contrary, only the other day, because the Bishop of Arras warned his clergy against a certain line of conduct in a matter connected with religion, he himself forthwith received a warning from the imperial government to take care what he was about for the future.

Then, as to our inferior clergy and religious men and women. Can we forget that practically they are less hindered in the performance of their duties than in nearly all the chief countries of the Continent? Spooner and his tribe keep up an endless irritation against convents, and nuns are sometimes insulted in the streets; the Spoonerites may even succeed in carrying some measure for legalising annoyances to convents; but, with the exception of the Papal States and Belgium, we do not believe there is one of the European states in which, *on the whole*, the religious orders are as free to do as they like as they are in England. Does any man who knows the continental system suppose that any where but in England the Jesuits would have ventured to place themselves literally next door to the sovereign's own house without first asking leave? Granting all the harm that is done by popular prejudice against priests, monks, and friars, who would exchange this freedom for all the "favours" of the most "Catholic" monarch in the world? Look at these two facts, we say, and form your judgment: in heretical England the Jesuits buy a fine estate actually joining on to the Queen's Park at Windsor, and nobody interferes with them; in Catholic Naples the Jesuits issue a magazine very like this *Rambler* of ours, and in it they venture to hint that kings are not exactly divinely-appointed lords of men's souls and bodies, and down comes the minister of police, and forces them, under penalty of instant contumelian exile, to sign a paper which throws the whole Society of Jesus into dismay, and is formally disowned in the public newspapers of Europe by the general himself. Surely it is better to be abused by the newspapers, and made the subject of weekly insulting sermons, and yet to be left practically to go our own ways, than to be "protected" from the abuse of heresy by a secular power, which reserves for itself a rigid



practical control over all our actions. A man can read the *Morning Herald*, the *Advertiser*, and the *Times*, order his breakfast, and eat his hot rolls and drink his coffee, without the slightest diminution of appetite, under a perfect storm of anti-Catholic leading-articles; but we take it that the most stoical of foreign Catholics, whether lay or cleric, would hardly enjoy his morning repast, if the post had just brought him a delicate insinuation from the minister of police to the effect that the government had an eye on his proceedings.

Nor let it be supposed that where Catholicism is dominant the land is always free from those special grievances which particularly affect us as English and Irish Catholics; we mean not merely such fanciful grievances as the black looks of ladies and gentlemen, and the tirades of twenty thousand pulpits echoing with our enormities;—in the army and navy, in the workhouse and the gaol, are our real injuries to be found. Here, indeed, we suffer; not we who are comfortably circumstanced in this world's goods, but the poor of Christ, who cannot help themselves, and who writhe under that which is the only curse of poverty—a separation from all spiritual helps, and a social tyranny directed to the undermining all that is best in their hearts and lives. But it is a grievous error to suppose that these identical evils are confined to Protestant England. Many of them exist in Catholic countries, and even in quarters which would amaze the devout Catholic who has been hugging himself in the conviction that wherever Catholic persons have the means of doing right, they have also the will to do it. In the name of all that is sacred, let us not rest till every abuse of this kind is rooted out of the land; but in the name of all prudence, let us not hinder our own success by attributing the scandals we deplore to the circumstance that we are living among Protestant Englishmen, and asserting that Catholic continental countries are invariably models for our imitation. If any man wishes to know what a gaol or a regiment may become under a Catholic government, not in the way of mere abuse of a good method, but in precisely the way that our poor and our criminals suffer at home, let him get at the opinions of his present Holiness, Pius IX., and ascertain the means which even he has been compelled to resort to in order to remedy the evils. These things do not often get into the newspapers, it is true; but still those who know what is behind the curtain are well aware that Catholic countries are *never* in a state of millennial perfection; and that to attack the abuses of England, as if they were exclusively confined to Protestantism, is not only a rhetorical blunder, but a logical misstatement.

Here, too, we cannot forbear remarking on a circumstance which must often have struck many of our readers, when reflecting on the results of the free system of this country, as compared with the restrictive system of the Continent. It is a most singular fact, that with all its appetite for anti-Catholic news, the British public hardly ever gets hold of those passing events or habitual faults which really reflect discredit upon us as Catholics and upon our cause. Judging *à priori*, one would have supposed that every little *faux-pas* that we committed would be inevitably held up to the light of day, and made the text of a thousand bitter and crushing invectives against us. We should have expected that when the Catholic sees his picture painted by the Protestant, he would have recognised at any rate his real shortcomings, however mixed up with the inventions of ignorance or malignity. But no; so different is the working of this free system from what might have been looked for, that when by chance a priest or layman goes wrong, and is an actual scandal to his fellow-Catholics, the Protestant world hardly ever find it out, unless the unhappy person forces himself on their attention, and constitutes himself an apostle of heresy. Observe, too, the general defects of our internal system in this country, and the infirmities with which we may sometimes be fairly chargeable; evidently Protestants know hardly any thing about them. We live in the midst of a people who more or less dislike us, are jealous of us, and suspicious to the last degree; we have ill-conditioned and disloyal members in our own community, both able and willing to show us up in any thing but heroic postures: yet, strangely, nothing comes of it. Our peccadilloes remain the subjects of the private lamentations of Catholic society, even when those lamentations extend through our whole body; and Protestantism remains as much in the dark as to our defects as it is to our virtues.

A little thought, indeed, shows us how this comes to pass, and brings to light the real advantages of freedom of speech. Abroad, where the hushing-up and restrictive method prevails, every body is suspicious of every body, and especially of the clergy. The multitudes of men and women who are nominally Catholic, but in their hearts semi-Protestant, are far more ready to believe insinuations against the characters of ecclesiastics and of people in office than are the *bonâ-fide* Protestants of this country. They writhe and groan under what they think a vile tyranny; and nothing being professedly open and public, their morbid fancies and irritated passions are for ever conjuring up evils which either have no existence at all, or are grossly exaggerated. Here, on the contrary, there

prevails so great a confidence in the efficacy of publicity for the detection of abuses, that people are confident that when abuses are not known they do not exist. Exeter Hall may rant, and foolish writers may write about the enormities of "Romish casuistry;" but nevertheless the *mass* of the English people are convinced that, as a rule, the lives of our clergy and laity are quite as pure and honourable as those of similar classes among Protestants. Supposing that such a thing as the exposure of the scandalous conduct of any distinguished ecclesiastic were to burst upon the world, we are convinced that the English public would be *more* astonished than would the Italian or Austrian public at such an event among themselves. And this is mainly attributable to the confidence which we place in publicity, and to the habitual suspiciousness engendered by the opposite and despotic method.

Again, granting that the attacks of Protestantism, and the social persecution to which we are subjected, do produce some serious evils, and are a positive hinderance to the well-being of Catholicism and the spiritual progress of individual Catholics—which we do not for a moment deny—it is clear as the day that the continental system does not practically succeed in such a manner as to make us wish for its adoption. Look at Italy, for instance, at this moment. How could the Church hold her own in that country by mere force of moral and intellectual strength? Was there ever a Pontiff whose personal character was more calculated to disarm the ferocity of the enemies of the faith than that of the present Pope? Was there ever a Pontiff whose steady, intelligent, and quiet work of reform within the Church was more real, hearty, and practical, and more calculated to reassure the minds of those who fancy that ecclesiastical abuses can never be remedied except by violence? Yet the exclusive system has so utterly failed in retaining the allegiance of the middle and upper classes of Italy, taken as a body, and of many of the lower classes also, that no one would be surprised to see a storm of ignorant brutal fury burst upon the rulers and priesthood of the Church, even more savage and wicked than that which constituted what they call the "Reformation" of the sixteenth century. The school of Italian "patriots," of whom Mazzini is the popular representative, actually comes nearer to the scriptural description of Antichrist than any monster which the world has yet seen. But it is the same every where. France, under the restrictive system of Louis XIV., gave birth to its first revolution; Spain, under the same, brought up its nobles and people to defy the Pope, plunder the Church, and banish the religious orders; in Portugal, history has the same story to



tell: in fact, every where we have seen proofs that the Church is better off with its disloyal children outside its doors than inside them, and that open enmity is less deadly than false friendship.

One special instance in which our condition is contrasted to our disadvantage with that of Catholic countries is, the paucity of our clergy, and the want of sufficient means for clerical education. It is notorious that we have not priests enough for our actual wants, and that our young divines are sometimes not able to devote as much leisure as they could wish to the preparatory studies of the priesthood. We envy our continental fellow-Catholics the splendours of their ancient universities and the attractions of the great names that adorn their lists of professors, and sigh to think that Protestantism is in possession of the glorious old seats of learning which once were ours, and now are turned into weapons against us. All this, then, we do not for a moment overlook; on the contrary, our losses in this respect cannot be too urgently insisted on. But at the same time, there are two sides to the picture; and nothing can be more unjust to our own clergy, or more foolish as respects our creed, than to imagine that the character of the English priesthood has not its own peculiar and striking claims to our respect and admiration.

And first as to the paucity in numbers of our clergy. This is a serious evil; but it is doubtful whether it is not a less evil than a superabundance. The happiest state of things is when there are just enough for the work to be done, and no more. But how rarely, in the course of human affairs, is this happy medium practically attainable! Perhaps there is only one Catholic country in the world where the clergy are just sufficiently numerous, and not too numerous—we mean France. Even in Belgium there are so many, that in parts religion suffers from the presence of ecclesiastics who have no fixed or proper employment, and who consequently do more harm than good. In some other countries the land abounds with persons in holy orders, who by no possibility can find professional occupation for their whole time; and many of whom have not, and cannot have, the means of living in any thing like the station in which a secular priest ought to be able to live. The presence of such a class, we have just said, does more harm than good: and it does so in various ways. First of all, it fosters the idea, so common among disloyal Catholics, that the clergy are an idle bloated race, battenning upon the hard-earned means of the laity, and eating out the industry and resources of the land. This notion is not modified by the fact that many of the clergy we speak of, so far from being

too rich, are often so poor that they can scarcely support themselves. No matter; the criticising world looks on, and sees that they are idle men, with nothing to do except say a Mass daily, which they will do for *one-sixth of the sum* considered the lowest amount which in this country can enable a priest to keep a decent though threadbare coat upon his back. In the next place, considering what human nature is, it inevitably follows from this state of things, that those unoccupied clergy are not always models of asceticism and spirituality, for the edification of their brethren and of the laity. Serious scandals we truly believe to be comparatively rare among them; but still their habitual conduct is too often of that average standard, which may pass muster very well in the crowd of the laity, but which is not altogether worthy of the high vocation of the priesthood. There is no great harm *in* them, and if they were laymen there would be no great harm done *by* them; but being what they are, the religion of the laity would decidedly gain by their absence. The life of every priest must have *some* decided effect on those around him. If it is not positively edifying, it is rarely only negatively disedifying. It may be said that the truth of Christianity and the efficacy of the Sacraments are not to be judged by the daily talk and habits of the clergy. Logically this is true enough; but as a fact, men are influenced by the personal character of the priesthood to an extraordinary extent.

In this country, accordingly, we hold that it is a decided gain to religion that the moral character of our clergy as a body stands so high. Why, indeed, should we hesitate to say that it will bear comparison with that of any body of clergy in Christendom; while it is much higher than that of some others? Look, again, at the difficulties that many of them have to contend with—some through youth, some through age or illness, some through solitude, some through overwork, and many through poverty—and recall the rarity of any serious scandals among them. Who would exchange this state of things for one in which the clergy were ten times as numerous, but not so universally respected?

Once more, if the strong arm of "order" and surveillance silences the outbreaks of foreign anti-Catholicism, it does not prevent divisions and quarrels among Catholics themselves, sometimes of a very disastrous tendency, but which are without any parallel amongst ourselves. We have our little difficulties, it is too true; our heart-burnings, our newspaper and conversational squabbles; our disagreements about Gothicism, plain-chant, politics, and other such topics; but these are nothing to the deep-seated wounds produced by such contests as

occasionally shake the foundations of clerical and lay Catholic society abroad. What have we ever had here at all like the affair of Gioberti and the Jesuits in Italy; or like the discussions of which the soil of France is so rife, where even the warfare of two periodicals is of so serious a nature, that the highest dignitaries of the Church become involved in it? And are we wrong in attributing this tendency of our English Catholic disputes to die away peaceably to the circumstance that we live in a land where discussion is the order of the day; where every body says what he likes, and there is such a surfeit of plain-speaking, that a really furious contest cannot be got up among Catholics, for the simple reason that people will not have their ears stunned by the disputants, who accordingly speedily subside into silence for sheer want of backing? Whereas, if we were held in by a restrictive system, whether political or theological, which forbade us to read, write, and say just what we chose, the result would be, that wherever we *could* quarrel we should do it with a vengeance, and make up for our want of liberty in things in general by an outrageous license in things in particular.

Lastly, we say, long may the freedom of speech remain, which allows the Protestant press to attack the Protestant Church-Establishment in that highly edifying manner of which the *Times* and the *Examiner* are such brilliant examples! The English newspapers are like the despotic governments of Spain and other "Catholic countries," who alternately administer a blow to the Pope and a blow to English Protestantism. We really cannot tell how the bishops and clergy of the Anglican Church feel under the bitter satires with which these periodicals frequently entertain their readers; but certainly, if any thing could tend to shake every remnant of hold which the Church of England has on the people as an apostolic body, it is the witty and truth-telling "leaders" of the newspaper-press. For ourselves, we can truly say that their ill-informed onslaughts on us do us far less harm than their well-informed onslaughts on the Anglican clergy do to Protestantism. If the *Times* newspaper were paid by the Pope—which would be a rather difficult matter, considering the relative states of the exchequers of the Vatican and of Printing-house Yard—if the *Times* were paid by the Pope to convince the English people that the Establishment abdicates all claims to be the depositary of the doctrines of the Gospel, it could not do its work more efficaciously than it does under the inspiration of its own intensely anti-Catholic management.

We conclude, then, taking a practical view of human affairs, and remembering that the Church never was and never



will be in those happy circumstances for which the idealist sighs, that we Catholics in England are nearly as well placed for the advancement of our religion as we can reasonably hope to be. And further, that our truest wisdom consists in mastering, as they say, "the situation," by comprehending it; accepting it for what it is worth, and striving without delay to make the best of it. The work which now lies before us all is, to take our place in our country as Englishmen and Catholics; to use the advantages placed in our hands by Divine Providence; and to regard the disadvantages attending them as in harmony with that universal rule which prevails in all ages, and which brings us good and evil together; so that no good is without its own incidental evil, and no evil is incapable of being converted into the source of some good. We have suffered ourselves to be shut out of the social and political life of our country quite long enough. We have submitted with quite sufficient endurance to be quietly dislodged from our places, as men who, by the very nature of their creed, were aliens to English ideas, English habits, and English liberty. We have spent time and labour in refuting by words the absurd prepossessions of our neighbours, when we might sometimes have far more easily convinced them of their folly by simply disregarding their extravagances, and acting as if no such things existed. As they so habitually assume that a Catholic *cannot* take his place as a member of a nation, so it will be our policy habitually to assume that he can; to anticipate no opposition, and when we meet it, simply, if possible, to disregard it; to act, in a word, just as we should if there existed no religious differences whatsoever between us.

That this method will always succeed in disarming hostility and softening ill-will, we do not for a moment pretend; but it will often succeed; and if it only succeeds sometimes, it is well worth the effort, for the sake of all classes in the Catholic body. That it will succeed far better than the system of anticipating opposition and ill-will, and of attempting to conciliate our adversaries by knocking them down, we have not the smallest doubt. Go where you will, in every rank and in all matters, the surest way to make a man your friend is to presuppose that he is so, and to act in all respects as if it were an understood thing that you were on the best of terms. In times past it was perhaps very difficult, sometimes impossible, for Catholics to take their places in national public life; partly because they were so few in number, and partly because the whole national mind of Protestantism was so intensely embittered against them. But bad as things still are, they are better than they used to be. We are far more numerous, at

least in the upper and middle classes, than we were twenty years ago. At that time the great majority of the families of the English aristocracy and gentry had never seen such a being as an actual live Catholic. He was an unknown monster. The world hardly knew whether his eyes, hands, and legs were like those of other people. But now there is scarcely a family which does not number a Catholic among its own connections; and thousands have learnt to their astonishment that not only do Catholics look like other men and women, but they positively eat, drink, sleep, and talk like them, and, more marvellous still, think and feel without violating the elementary laws of human nature. It is even shrewdly surmised by some soaring intellects that we are not quite such fools as they have thought, after all. They rub their eyes, and begin to believe that a man may be a Catholic, and a good Catholic too—nay, a thorough-bred ultramontane Papist—and at the same time a scholar, a mathematician, a man of genius, a sound politician, a practical man of business, a trusty friend, a keen sportsman, or a capital good fellow in all things except a “capital good fellow’s” vices.

We repeat, then, what some months ago we ventured to urge on our readers, that, from the peer down to the mechanic, it is time for us to show ourselves among our fellow-countrymen. Scattered throughout the country there are very many Catholics,—nobles, gentry, and men of the trading and working classes,—who are perfectly capable of playing, if not a distinguished, yet a very creditable part in the drama of social and national life. The work of every one of these is to be done in his own sphere; not by thrusting controversy into the face of every body he meets, nor yet by concealing his religion and making himself as like a Protestant as he can. His object ought to be to let the world see that he is a devoted Catholic, who would die rather than compromise one iota of his faith or morals; and at the same time a man both ready and able to fulfil the duties of a citizen and neighbour in all matters for which his rank, his wealth, or his capacity fits him.

Many of our gentry and aristocracy are, no doubt, too far advanced in life to be able to change their habits of honourable retirement for an equally honourable activity. They did their duty in their day; and we who live in a different era owe no small debt of gratitude to those who held fast to the faith when the storms raged so wildly against it. But we make bold to submit to the younger members of our old families, to the cultivated and sincere members of the learned professions, and to every man who has brains, energy, and a tolerable education, that this is not the time for us to slink

into corners like naughty boys, or to lie down on the ground and let bigotry ride roughshod over our heads. We must make ourselves felt and recognised as an existing *part* of the nation; and this can only be done by sharing in its life, fulfilling our portion of its duties, and contributing to its instruction and enjoyment. The result will be, not only a diminution of the difficulties which beset those who are disposed to become Catholics, and an enlightening of the minds of thousands as to our real creed, but it will be a better protection to our clergy, to our nuns, and to our poor, than all the assaults we can make upon the doctrines of Protestantism, and all the satires with which we can show up the inconsistencies of its adherents.

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#### INSTRUCTION v. EDUCATION.

A MODERN spiritual writer says in one of his works that he supposes we all do as little as we can help. This is not a truth at first sight very apparent; but as a man goes on in life and experience, he finds how very common, not to say universal, is this laziness. And in education, the special subject of our present reflections, we think it cannot be doubted that laziness—a general leaning to the side of doing nothing, as Lord Melbourne defined it—is the great evil that has to be met. In America the “Know-Nothing” movement is the greatest antagonist of the Catholic Church. Here we groan under the Do-nothing movement, if it be not an absurdity to call it a movement at all.

But of laziness there are two kinds; which we may distinguish into doing nothing, and having nothing to do. The first may be defined as a general tendency, irrespective of subjects or circumstances, to leave every thing as it is; a backwardness to expend breath, or exert brain or muscle; a feeling about the individual similar to that which is so often expressed by Anglicans respecting their Church, that what she needs most is rest. Whereas the second, and more respectable sort of laziness, may be described as the doing nothing from having nothing to do; because nothing, that is, comes before us as a definite duty that may and ought to be done. And people afflicted with this are not exactly inactive from sheer indolence, but stand idle all the day long because, like those in the parable, no man has hired them. And while the first are pretty nearly past cure, and nothing will move them but the application of absolute force, the latter



may often be roused into sufficient activity by having a clear view of their work adequately brought before them. It is with the view of assisting those whose laziness is of this kind, that we propose to continue the remarks we were led to make in our last Number on the subject of education.

For we are confident that there are many amongst us, having the management of schools, who are far too good and too zealous to be unwilling to exert themselves to make them efficient, if they had any clear ideas on the subject. But they have no definite view of what is to be done. They have a general wish to do good; and education being evidently an important means of doing good, they have a general wish to use their best efforts to promote education in general: but, as a friend of ours said that certain learned works on the faith of other ages always left on his mind a very magnificent idea of nothing particular, so it is with these worthy men: they have a vast desire to do general good by means of education; but not having any particular idea of what education is, or how it is to be made effective, they do nothing. They are like men in a fog; they know in general the point they wish to arrive at, but have at best very indistinct ideas which way to turn to get to it. And some of the most hopeful of them seem to expect, like the drunkard in the story, that as the world is going round, they have only to stick fast to their present position, and in time their own door is sure to come to them. Yet these are well-meaning and zealous-hearted men. Can we be of any service to them? We will try.

A well-known book of cookery, when giving the recipe for making a dish of hashed hare, begins by saying, First catch your hare. So we must say here. First get your school; not always the least difficulty, as in aforesaid recipe. But as it is not that which it is our present business to deal with, we will suppose the hare already caught, and the school in existence; we will picture to ourselves the children collected, and standing neatly dressed in their ranks before the manager. He has on his right a liberal friend ready to supply every necessary expense, and on his left an obsequious teacher anxious to carry out his instructions. Every thing, in fact, is prepared for immediate operation. And he, as chief operator, is to direct the work. What is he going to do, what does he aim at doing with the children before him? Aim at doing? What can he aim at but making them good? Making them good! Rather an indefinite intention, like that of our friend in the fog. However, Mr. Manager, we will not quarrel with your expression: only explain and define it. What do you mean by "good?" and next, how are we to make them so?

First, what do you mean by good? Why, making them turn out well. Foggy again. What is turning out well, applied to children? A crop of cabbage-plants turns out well. A greyhound-puppy turns out well. We must have something more accurate than this. What do we mean precisely by children turning out well? Good is a relative term; what do we understand by human beings, by these children before us, being made good? The children have, like the cabbage-plants and greyhounds, physical capacities. Is our education in order to improve and develop these? Is it to give them skill and practice in different arts, to enable them to fill some useful situation in the world? Is it to render them serviceable housemaids, skilful cooks, diligent shoemakers, or obsequious tailors? This, you will say, is something; but certainly we should not give ourselves so much trouble about education merely for the sake of supplying the world with better servants or tradespeople. Children are reasonable creatures; and while we would not exclude physical training, yet certainly we aim at something more than training their bodily faculties as we might do those of a horse or a pointer.

Here, no doubt, the master or mistress will come to the rescue, and remind us what a much higher view of education they take. That they wish to improve the minds of the children by a superior kind of learning; and are ready to make them acquainted with the intricacies of grammar or geography, or even algebra and mathematics, that the children may go out into the world with cultivated minds, and able to speak clearly and write elegantly, and mix with their fellows with credit to themselves and their school. And then, as if to enforce their view, they set off the whole school of poor little monkeys marching round the room, and singing as they go, to the tune of "Here's a health to all good lasses," the well-known infants' song which begins:

"What is moral education?  
Universal information."

What do you say to that, Mr. Manager? Do you call that nothing? And next tell us what you think, Mr. Manager. Give us your views on the subject. Is this the end that you have in bringing these children together, and making such efforts about your school? Is it to help forward the march of intellect? Is it that shoemakers and tailors may be intellectual members of society; that ploughboys may have a correct and cultivated taste; that cooks may no longer be under the reproach of writing inelegant and ungrammatical epistles; and that housemaids may be as well acquainted with

the mountain-ranges and water-courses of the earth as they are with the geography of the well-furnished drawing-room? No, you will say to yourself; all this is very well in its way, but I have other fish to fry besides attending to this sort of thing. In short, we see that there is a greater thing to be aimed at than the cultivation of either the physical or the intellectual part of our nature, viz. our moral well-being.

And here perhaps we may be called upon to define what *we* mean by good, morally good: so we will lay down, that what we aim at with regard to these children is, *the formation of character*. It is plain that our physical capacities and intellectual faculties admit of being strengthened, without necessarily any influence on the character. Good servants may be bad men; skilful artisans may be scandalous livers; obsequious and clever tradesmen may be dishonest and hard-hearted. Nay, further, people may be clever, active, diligent, and even honest and trustworthy in their worldly callings, and yet be on the way to perdition. What, then, a true system of education aims at is, the formation of character; that the children may turn out not merely active and diligent, skilful and trustworthy, clever and thoughtful, but may be all this and something more—conscientious and religious. That they may have all these qualifications, not merely because it is necessary to have them in order to be respectable and to succeed in life, but because God has commanded it; because, in short, they have souls to save, and mean, whatever inconvenience may come of it, to save them. Yet to define precisely what good we aim at by education, we should say it is not simply preparing for a future life, still less is it simply fitting oneself for the present; but the latter, with reference to the former; being armed and equipped to engage in the battle of this life because of and in order to the other, which is to follow.

This, then, is what we aim at. Next comes the question, what means we are to use for the purpose; in other words, how we are to make the children good. We are to teach them; but how? What is the way in which we are to teach them? It will be said, All you can do is to show them what they ought to do; to give them a knowledge of their duty, and leave them to do it or not as they will. You cannot, in the true sense of the word, *make* them good. Is it so, then, that all we have got to do, because all that we can do, is to teach the children the Commandments, to tell them what to do, and how to conduct themselves, and then say, Now go out into the world: I have told you what to do; be good; be religious; do what is right.

And yet no one thinks of giving physical or intellectual



education in this way. Who could teach cooking, or even making a loaf of bread, by simple instructions how to do it? Who ever made, or could make, a coat or a pair of shoes by directions given as to how it was to be done? Or take a simpler thing. Try to teach a child to walk by instruction only. Wait till it is old enough fully to comprehend your language, and then frame a code of directions stating how and in what manner one leg is to be advanced before the other; how the body is next to be carefully poised, and then the remaining one first to be drawn up, and then in its turn advanced in front; how the equilibrium is to be preserved, &c. What poor mortal would ever learn to walk? Or take intellectual matters. Could reading, for instance, or writing, be taught by instruction only? Could words be sounded, or letters be formed, without practical illustration and example? Is not this the main difference between arts and science, that the latter, concerning knowledge only, can be taught by instruction, by books, or word of mouth; the former, on the other hand, being concerned with practice, can only be learned under ordinary circumstances by example and imitation? Man, especially while yet in the monkey state, is most providentially, like the monkey, an imitative animal. He can learn to do any thing he sees others doing; but is very stupid at being taught by instruction; or perhaps we may say he is imitative here too, in *not* doing what he does *not* see done. Now, then, what is moral goodness, an art or a science? Unfortunately, it is both. Men may know, and that most perfectly, what goodness is, and how to be good,—in short, goodness as a science,—without being at all acquainted with it as an art. But it is an art as well as a science; and it is with it as an art that we have to do in our schools. As an art, then, it must be taught, if it is to be taught at all; not by instruction, but by practice.

And this is meant by the distinction that is made between education, properly so called, and instruction. Rodriguez, in his treatise on humility, gives several chapters on the excellence of humility, its advantages, the different kinds of it, and the methods of practising it; but afterwards, to remind us that though his office in writing was and could only be to instruct on humility, yet that it could never really be attained by instruction, he has a chapter with this quaint heading: "Another more efficacious way to acquire humility is to practise it." And so about virtue and goodness in general: if we would have the children to possess them, it is not enough to teach them their advantages, and the methods and ways of practising them; we must make them begin at once, we must

let them be under an apprenticeship to goodness, so as not merely to learn what it consists of in the abstract, but see in the practice of daily life how it is to be exercised. We must let them, that is, learn it by example and imitation, and act upon it themselves until a habit of it is formed within them.

It may seem a strong thing to say, but it may, we think, be doubted how far it is a good to give instruction at all, except as part of education strictly so called. Instruction only operates on the mind; it teaches us, it gives correct notions of a subject: informs us, for instance, what are the laws of God; what are our duties to Him and our neighbour; it tells us of the excellence and rewards of goodness and virtue, of the methods of practising it, and so forth. But to what does this knowledge tend, unless practical goodness is built upon it; unless, that is, the theory is put then and there into practice? "Going over the theory of virtue in one's thoughts," says the philosopher, "talking well and drawing fine pictures of it; this is so far from necessarily or certainly conducing to form a habit of it in him who thus employs himself, that it may harden the mind in a contrary course."\* What, then, instruction, as distinct from education, tends to produce and does produce is, that the child learns "to hold the truth in iniquity." He is made well acquainted with the excellence and obligations of virtue; he learns its great beauty and vast importance; he is taught to have clear and correct notions of duty and obedience to God's laws. If he is at all thoughtful or clever, he admires the marvellous structure and beauty of virtue, as he does the wonders of astronomy or botany. But as he does not see the theory of virtue acted upon by others, or enforced upon himself whenever occasion offers, he comes to know that it is but a science like geology, or a beautiful theory, like music, to be taken up and followed out as each one's taste and inclination leads him. At present his taste does not lead him precisely in that direction; he has more important and pressing objects.

But it may be said, What, after all, can you do more than instruct the children? Can you make them good? Can you make them practise virtue? Can you undertake that their practice shall keep pace with their knowledge? Have they not, children though they are, freewill; and does not experience prove that there is no *making* even children good against their will? We admit it: but we can try. We can aim at making them good by leading them to practise goodness as well as instructing them in it; we can let them see that even in school virtue is more than a theory; and this is what is meant by

\* Butler, Anal. ch. v.

education as distinguished from instruction, by what is called moral education.

And here we can fancy that some of our old friends will be ready to step in and say, "Fiddle-de-dee with your moral education: I hate all your new fancies. Cultivation of the physical and intellectual and moral faculties of poor ragged Irish children—stuff! Why can't we go on in the good old way? Our forefathers were as good, or perhaps better, than we are. They managed to go through the world well, and to lead good lives. Why can't we do the same? Why can't we teach our children to read and write, and say their Catechism, as they did? I am for a plain simple education. I hate this modern movement, teaching all sorts of things to our poor children instead of giving them an education suitable to their station. It makes them proud and conceited, and unfit for their work; and the end of it will be, they will rise up and rebel, and we shall have a revolution. That will be the end of it all."

This objection is so common, if not so good a one, that it must be answered. And first, if it is asked, Why should we not do as our forefathers did? the answer, if we let out the whole truth, is, because we are not our forefathers. If, as we believe, our forefathers were sensible and practical men, they did what was best for their own times and circumstances; and if we wish to be like them, it will be by doing what is best for our times and circumstances, and not servilely copying other times. We see an example of this same narrowness of mind in regard to architecture. Men admire, and most justly, the architects of the middle ages, and the splendid structures of our medieval forefathers; and in their desire to be like them, they go and build churches and houses the very models of what were built five or six hundred years ago; the same medieval windows, that let in wind as well as light; noisy and unmanageable doors, made either to open *or* shut, but not both; smoky, uncomfortable fireplaces, very pretty and gothic in summer, but an intolerable nuisance when it is cold enough to want a fire. And in churches just that disposition of windows, of altar-arrangements, and of general size and shape, which does *not* suit the present wants of the present day, but those of the days when men's whole life and habits were different. Now our forefathers and their architects were large-minded and practical men, and they not only looked to what was most natural and convenient, but were ready to adopt any improvement or new invention. Look at their buildings, and we find that the last thing they did was to copy or follow another age. They went great



lengths in adopting any thing newly invented, even though it did not match or agree with the former work. In every thing they looked to the present, its wants and capabilities. And so in education,—if we want to be sensible practical men like our forefathers, we shall, like them, not copy former ages, but set ourselves to meet the circumstances and exigencies of the times we live in.

Secondly ; even suppose the education which was given in the time of our forefathers were, abstractedly speaking, the best for our times, it does not therefore follow that it is the best possible under present circumstances. We would have it well considered, taken to heart, and reflected upon, by all old fellows, files, and fogies, that they have to take into account the whims, weaknesses, and wickednesses of all parents, guardians, and governors who have not such true, correct, and enlightened views as themselves. A successful physician not only considers what is best for his patient, but also what the said patient is ready to stand. Now it so happens that at the present time there are a considerable sprinkling of parents who take very low views on the subject of education, and look upon it simply as a means of getting on their children in life. Whether or no the children turn out good Christians they care little. We have ourselves known an Irishman (and it was a strong thing for an Irishman) to answer a priest who expostulated with him for sending his children to a Protestant school when there was a Catholic one at hand, that his children should go to the school where there was the best *larning*. It is a lesson we have never forgotten. For, in fact, even if the old system is in itself the best, yet there are multitudes of the poor who take the unsound view, if you please, of looking a great deal to the intellectual progress of their children, and who will not for a continuance send them to an old-fashioned school. This may be a bad state of things ; but we cannot help it ; and if we are wise we shall take it into account. If our schools are not equal to others in secular things, they will not be frequented so well. We formerly visited a secular college in Belgium, conducted by priests ; and were surprised at the extent of knowledge of all sorts of things, curious and profane, that the young gentlemen had to learn ; and upon asking the superior whether he was of opinion that learning all these sort of things was the most desirable sort of education, he admitted that he thought not ; but, said he, it would never do for us to let our school be, or be thought to be, inferior to those of the government in secular knowledge : a great many of the children would be taken out of our hands. And so in our own case ; it is of no use to

set out with any theory which cannot be carried out in practice. The hare, we must remember, must be caught; or, what is the same thing, not let go when in our hands. The best system of school-teaching in the world cannot produce any good results, if in matter of fact it empties the school-benches.

But we go a step further than this. The old-fashioned system not only will not do at present, because, if adopted, a large number of children will leave the school and go elsewhere, but also we are strongly of opinion that it is *not* in itself the best for us, but that a more ample and enlarged education is really required to meet the dangers of the present time. It will scarcely be denied that one of the most successful dodges of Satan in the present day is to persuade people that the Catholic religion is unscientific and antiquated; that it will not bear the light of modern knowledge. It is, indeed, acknowledged that the Church *was* the great leader of science and civilisation; that her most devoted children were also the greatest lights of the world and of secular knowledge; but this, they say, was because those were the dark ages. Now things are changed; the world has advanced; she has grown out of those times, and can no longer be kept in bondage. The Church, which was once before the world, is now behind it. She cannot bear the intellectual enlightenment of these days; and so she opposes the progress of knowledge, and would give only such a meagre and scanty education as consists with her teaching.

Now, how shall we most effectually disarm this foul calumny? Words and arguments will not do it. It is to no purpose to show that in the present, as well as in past times, a large majority of the most eminent men of the world—men who have been most distinguished for success in science and the arts—are devout Catholics. This will not do. The calumny spreads faster and gets farther than the answer, and is the cause of thousands making shipwreck of the faith. You must not merely answer the calumny, but destroy it; you must, by the means of education, make men feel the consistency of science with religion. Are we to do this by withholding from them the knowledge—useless or superficial though it be—which their fellows possess, by subjecting them to the consciousness of inferiority in secular knowledge to the heretics or infidels around them?—No; we must make them and the world see that they are not a whit behind the rest even in these things. We must strengthen them against this temptation by the thought that their knowledge of secular things comes from the same source as the knowledge of their reli-

gion; that the same persons who taught them to love and fear God, and to obey all that His Church commands, are those who gave them all the knowledge they possess of this world, its nature, its history, and its sciences, and left them too, even in these points, not a whit behind the boastful scholars of the age.

Our schools, then, to meet the dangers of the present day, must not only be superior to other schools in the religious knowledge which they impart, but they must not be at all inferior to them in point of secular teaching. It is the only way open to us. It might be just as well, indeed, that secular education were not carried so far, or valued so much. But this is beyond our control. People do value a high secular education; and as they can get it, they will. Nor is there any danger in the thing itself, carried ever so far; only a good deal of trouble. For if secular education is carried high, religious education, moral training, must be also. The danger lies in the secular education outstripping the moral and religious; in the disproportion of the one to the other. If intellectual knowledge is skilfully imparted, so must religious be. If it is wide in extent and deep in character, the religious teaching must not be either narrow or superficial. If a great point is made of habits of cleanliness, order, punctuality, and other worldly virtues, still more must be made of those of purity and truthfulness, of charity and devotion. Being kind, obliging, humane, and benevolent, with all the other duties and counsels of philanthropy, must never be allowed to hold a higher place in heretical and infidel schools than the love of God holds in ours.

But, after all, what Catholic can really object to moral education? He may not like the term. We do not ourselves particularly admire it; because it does not seem necessarily to include religion. But it is useless to take fright at the sound of a word. What is the thing meant? Man's faculties being threefold—physical, intellectual, and moral—moral education means the education of the moral faculties; the highest in kind that we naturally possess, and those upon the right exercise of which our future destiny depends. If it is in any way right, or our duty to educate at all, what more important part of education than this? For ourselves, we do not see how it can conscientiously be overlooked. A man may think that it is sufficiently provided for by the care of parents; but of the thing itself he cannot make a question; and if, as in this country it cannot, or at least is not, in matter of fact provided for by the parents, it ought to be, and must be, in the school.

Education, then—real, true education—is not, in its es-



sence, imparting knowledge, but it is the formation of character. And as character, so far as it is acquired, is made up of habits and principles, education is the formation of habits and principles. Its aim is to teach the child how to use rightly the freewill which God has made its inalienable possession, and upon the right exercise of which its temporal and eternal welfare depends. And the means which education uses to this end is, not merely to teach, but to exercise it in the present use of freewill, while it is yet tender, and under, not indeed compulsion, but control and direction. It is to form and establish in the very soul of the child certain fixed principles and rules of conduct; rails, not indeed of iron, but of a material as unbending, laid down in the road of life, and which are to guide and support him as he is hurried along with precipitate speed, but with unerring course, until he arrives safely and surely at the appointed terminus. It is to form not merely principles for the guidance of his conduct, but habits likewise, to revolve smoothly and steadily upon them; and which, when once set in motion, shall continue to carry on the machine, apparently without effort, to its final destination.

This, we say, is what true education is to effect. But to implant these principles, to form these habits, is not a simple process, the same in all cases. Regard must be had, if we would succeed, to the special circumstances of each individual case. We must consider what is the probable future of those in our hands, and what particular difficulties and temptations they will chiefly have to contend against; what particular parts of their character need to be most strengthened; what habits must be most thoroughly acquired, that they may pass safely through the world. We must also take into consideration what are the materials we have to deal with; what is their character and present circumstances; what, that is to say, the nature of the case admits of being done, as well as what we might wish to be done; that we may not mar our work by attempting impossibilities. All this, and much more, must be thought of and provided for, if we would succeed in education. But we must leave the more particular consideration of the best method of education for a future occasion.

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## THE MORALS AND POLITICS OF MATERIALISM.

No naturalist, however great an infidel he may be, provided he has a grain or two of reason, can go into a geological museum, and examine the exuviae of the worlds of life which have bloomed and faded—the fossils of animals and plants that, after flourishing for ages, at last became extinct—without first fearing, and then feeling, that man's time must at length come; the day when our race will be reckoned with the mammoth and mastodon, when we also shall have disappeared from the scene, and when the only evidences of our existence will be concealed within the rock and the gravel-beds. So also no humanist, be he socialist, rationalist, or the firmest believer in human perfectibility, can stand on one of the Pyramids, or amid the ruins of Babylonia, without feeling sure that each great nation has its day, and then dies; and if he is rational, he will also know that a thing whose parts are finite must itself be finite; that the human race, which in some of its branches is always coming to an end, will at length come to an end altogether, and vanish from the face of the earth. The geologist and the historian alike may ask themselves, Why have these now extinct races and nations lived; to what end has their existence conducted? Was it the final end of the mammoth to leave his huge bones in a deserted cavern, or of the Egyptian to pile up a few conical masses of mouldering stone, and of the Babylonian to throw together a certain number of hillocks of decomposing brick? What did they live for? What influence have they now-a-days?

Such, only on a larger scale, and in darker colours, would be the questionings of the last man, supposing him to be a modern philosopher. “What now has been the use of the human race? What signify the few scars it has left on the face of mother earth? Has it lived only to erect a few buildings, which earthquakes and storms shall throw down; a few ships, already rotten; a few machines, which shall soon rust to shapeless masses; a few books, which no rational eye shall ever scan? Here is a precious finish to all our hopes and fears, our loves and hatreds, our ambitions and our philosophies. In a day or two no trace whatever will remain of all our labour; no fruit will be gathered from such a seed-time of toil.” With this desponding soliloquy, the last man goes and hangs himself, and the human race is extinct.

These remarks were suggested by the perusal of a paper in

the *Westminster Review* for July, on the "Principle and practice of Christian missions;" a paper which denies that saving souls from hell, or preparing them for heaven, is the end of the missionary; and affirms that his only rational object must be to raise savages in the scale of civilisation. The intention of the writer of the article in question is simply to contrast the two distinct aims of the Christian and the philosophical missionary; that of the former being "to rescue by baptism the greatest possible number of human beings from eternal torment;" while that of the latter is "to raise savages into civilisation." It is needless to say, that the latter end alone is considered to be worth pursuing; while the former appears to the reviewer to be not only fruitless, but even, in Protestant hands, in the highest degree mischievous to the people subjected to its operation. In Catholic hands the principle is only a few degrees less noxious: it may be amiable, but it is useless. Speaking of the Paraguay missions, the writer says:

"No trace whatever remains of this great missionary work. If the question of success is stirred, the reply of Catholics is that a hundred thousand souls were rescued from hell, and that the crowns of the apostles and martyrs of the work are brightened accordingly. Historical students and moralists say that, judged by any radical principle, the work has come to nothing. We see that among a people saved by their teachers from the trouble of thinking, and from the pressure of worldly anxieties, the lash in the school, and bribes or terrors out of it, must be needed for stimulus; but we think ill of such a state of society, and are not surprised to hear that its subjects were delicate in frame, scrupulous in conscience, indolent at their work, and dull at their play. . . . . That such a demure, superficial, dependent, and artificial state of society should fall to pieces at once when its keepers are withdrawn, is just what might have been looked for; and as all traces of it have vanished, it can be pronounced, in a historical and moral sense, nothing but a failure. Whether one hundred thousand souls have been saved from the pit of hell it is not our present business to inquire. But we doubt whether the one hundred thousand people were healthier, wiser, or happier than their fathers; and as they have been unable to perpetuate the supposed benefits they received, we are compelled to conclude that there was some fatal error in the management of their case."

We do not remember ever reading a page of more shallow materialism. No trace remains of the work, therefore none was done worth speaking of. What dreamy school-girl sentimentality! Take a child over the field of Waterloo; and he cannot believe that among that waving corn, which now looks so peaceful, one of the decisive battles of the world was no long time ago decided. He looks over the sea rippling under the morning sun, and cannot believe that only last night the



monster was lashing the shore in fury, breaking the ships against the rocks, and dancing the drowned mariners to the moon. Enter a church, where the sacristan is just putting out the lights, and the last fumes of the incense are vanishing against the groined roof; all looks so blank and dull, that you cannot persuade yourself that but now the awful sacrifice was being offered; and that angels were veiling their faces, and men annihilating themselves in spirit before the Divine Presence. How must the Apostles have felt, when they trod over the deserted Calvary, and watched the spot where the three crosses had been buried! How could they realise that there the God of nature had suffered; that there the world had been redeemed? All actions that are worth any thing quickly pass: it is the handiwork of the bricklayer, the blacksmith, the tinker, the cobbler, the tailor, that remains. The good deed, the intellectual act, the ecstasy of pleasure—these all pass away, and leave no traces behind; unless you have faith in the spiritual world to count it as something that each of them does its part in moulding and fashioning the soul, that each is written in heaven for reward, or elsewhere for punishment.

“Historical students and moralists,” it seems, count it for nothing that one hundred thousand souls were educated for heaven. In their eyes the fact that these people were unable to perpetuate their felicity upon earth destroys all idea of its having been felicity at all. This is a strange principle to introduce into eudæmonology, or the science of happiness. People in general are no more affected by the destinies of their posterity than by the pleasures and pains of their ancestors. Yet here we are told that a felicity which is not able to perpetuate itself in future generations is no happiness. For how many generations must it last to be worthy of the name? And what are we to say of that happiness which has no perpetuation? The happiness of the child cut off in tender years; of the pale student, wasting the flame of life in his greedy passion for knowledge; the happiness of the unmarried or childless, much more of the parent whose children are destined for ruin? Why should the “historical student or moralist” refuse to reckon up each individual element of happiness? Surely the true philosopher will esteem that nation to have lived not in vain which ended in giving a few thousands of souls to heaven, even though it has utterly perished, and left not a trace behind. To say that such a work has “come to nothing,” is to deny that spirit is better than body, that the soul survives after death, that man has any real work but to make shoes and grow bread-corn; it is to weigh worth by *avoir-du-pois* pounds, to measure humanity by the imperial quart, and

to reduce all virtue to statistical tabulation and numerical values. It is, after all, only a genteel way of denying the existence of heaven and of any future life. Why, how many nations have come to nothing, or have only bequeathed a few poor sounds to language, a few names to rivers or mountains, and a slab or two of unintelligible hieroglyphic to some museum? What is this for the sum, the total product, of the life of a nation? Does the historian say of it, with our superficial sophist, that "as all traces of it have vanished, it must be pronounced, in a historical and moral sense, nothing but a failure?" God knows that, judged by such a standard as this, not a people has ever existed that has not been a failure; not a nation has been extinguished that has bequeathed to posterity any legacy that can be considered an adequate representation of the value of the sweat, the tears, the blood, and the lives that have been spent in attaining it.

But the writer even goes so far as to doubt, from the one fact of the inability to perpetuate their state, whether the one hundred thousand Christians of Paraguay were "healthier, wiser, or happier, than their fathers." That is, he doubts whether it was not better for them to be mere animals, with a certain rude strength and longevity, a certain barbarian instinct of good nature, than, by being Christians, to be raised in the scale of humanity, to live in innocence and purity, and so to burn out like incense in the presence of the holy of holies. He forgets that, however healthy they might have been kept by withholding all knowledge from them, and leaving them in their old barbarism; however much longer the race might have been preserved by sparing to break its feeble brains with exercises of thought to which for ages it had been disused,—yet at last it must have gone. It might have been spared for a century or two, to have been improved off the face of creation by the pioneers of Yankee civilisation; it might have offered some five hundred thousand animals to Mumbo-Jumbo, instead of one hundred thousand souls to God; but end it must at some time. And when it has ended, and the philosopher or the moralist looks over the stubble of the reaped field, is it in accordance with common sense to lament that one hundred thousand ears of corn have been gathered instead of five hundred thousand thistle-flowers and nettle-stalks? Unless we believe that each soul is treasured up in the world of spirits, eternally to live in that state for which it prepared itself here, we must own that the whole world in retrospect has been a failure, that "there has been some fatal error in the management of the case." Here is the difference between ourselves and the Westminster reviewer;



we look for the result of the harvest in the barn; he insists on finding it in the reaped field. He finds nothing there now, therefore he concludes that nothing was ever there, and that the whole concern has been a failure.

This materialism of the Westminster reviewer is but a specimen of that which we find throughout almost the whole range of the so-called philosophic literature of the day. Every object that is not precisely that which the philosophers lay down as the end of man is a "sham;" and all those people who have not spent their lives in forwarding that which they have chosen, each for himself, as the great pursuit of humanity, is to be put down as a busybody, who laboured all his life in doing nothing. They are almost as hard upon soldiers and statesmen as they are upon missionaries and priests. With a pride of office, compared to which all imaginable sacerdotal superciliousness is as nothing, they exalt themselves as the gods of humanity, the only true teachers of the way of happiness. If one of them were to go into a church and hear a sermon on the dignity of the priesthood, he would be horribly indignant at the pride, as he would call it, that could assume such honours, and bear such incredible testimony to its own powers. But set him to write a memoir on a member of his own order, then you will soon see how blind he is to the ridicule of self-glorification. You will then find that though he uses his reason to drive from the world the supreme Reason that created it; though he appears so disgusted with intellect, that he cannot even bear the name when it is a question about the government of the universe; yet he is proud of his own, he makes a parade of it, he boasts continually of its power, and he lashes himself into a fury when any of its rights are disputed. Yet he refuses to admit an intellect of which his own is but a feeble image, which presides over the marvellous order of the universe, over that sublime harmony whose majesty and power move his soul so deeply. And in the place of the banished God he endeavours to set up a hero-worship, and adroitly essays to smuggle himself and his friends into the vacant throne. These men of the pen, these journalists and scientific persons, who at present have the ear of the reading public, and can easily make their voices heard through the world, would fain persuade it, that of all heroes the literary and philosophic chieftain is the only true one. Soldiers and statesmen, orators and judges, may be the marvel of the day, and the theme of all tongues, but they leave nothing to posterity, generally not even a name; mankind, when they are dead, does not find itself better off than before; they have not led the way to any marked progress; bread is not cheaper for



them, nor locomotion easier, nor have men inherited from them a single useful idea the more. But the artist, the author, and the philosopher, we are told, live in their works, or in their inventions, and enjoy a real immortality. They are the gods who have brought us from starvation in Egypt to the fatness of the land of promise. This is the great thesis which the literary men of the present day are conspiring to prove; and great is their wrath against any unlucky brother in the craft who is pushed by the necessities of his stomach, or by an indiscreet genius, to lift the curtain which they would fain drop over the private vices and the petty follies which generally are found to distinguish the "great thinkers." Every now and then we are edified by a volume or two of worthless letters of deceased celebrities, set in a frame of anecdotes equally ill-chosen, which evidently do no small injury to the cause of letters; which cause, or conspiracy, or solemn league and covenant, has for its objects,—first, the recognition of journalists and philosophers as the *élite* of humankind, and the ministers of its happiness, peace, prosperity, and progress; and secondly, the enjoyment by such persons of all the honours and emoluments which grateful but misguided humanity now lavishes on other classes of supposed benefactors, on "priests and kings," on religious and civil governors.

"The peerage," says Arago, in his brilliant memoir of James Watt, "is in England the first of dignities and rewards; you would naturally suppose that this honour was conferred on James Watt? They never even thought of it! . . . When I asked the reason, they told me, 'These dignities are reserved for officers of the army and navy, for the influential speakers in Parliament, and for members of high families. It is not the fashion to give them to savants, to literary men, to artists, and engineers.' I knew it was not the fashion under Queen Anne, for Newton was not made a peer. But after a century and a half of progress in science, when each one of us in his short life has seen so many kings exiled, deserted, proscribed; their thrones occupied by men with no title but their swords,—might we not hope that the system of classifying mankind had ceased? That men would no longer dare to tell us, 'Whatever be your services, your virtues, your knowledge, none of you shall pass the limits of his caste.' . . . But let us count on the future. A time will come when the science of destruction will bend before the arts of peace; when the genius which multiplies our powers, which creates new products, which disseminates plenty among the masses, will occupy in the general estimation of men the place which reason and good sense assign to it now."

It seems, then, that "reason and good sense" assign a peerage at least to a mechanic who makes a notable improvement

in shoes (for the more vulgar and common the thing improved, the wider does the benefit extend); "reason and good sense" teach that this scientific inventor of pegs or screws for boots should be rewarded by being made ruler of men, and that his talents should be transferred from the cobbling of soles to the cobbling of constitutions. We have seen the practical working of this kind of "reason and good sense;" we have seen most of the nations of Europe committed for a time to provisional governments, composed of poets and professors, astronomers, journalists, and theorists, without inspiring the populations with any ardent desire of their continuance, or with any profound regrets when they fell ignominiously from the seats into which they had wriggled. The events of 1848 soon taught Europe a lesson on the comparative value of "the science of destruction" on the one hand, and of "the arts of peace" on the other; or, in other words, of the soldier and statesman, as compared with the journalist, philosopher, and artisan.

One fallacy of M. Arago consists in his assumed division of all these functions into two kinds—"arts of destruction," and "arts of peace." We will not allow that the soldier studies solely the "science of destruction;" nor that "arts of peace" are exclusively those of the journalist, the artisan, and the theorist. Peace is doubtless the great necessity of man on this earth, the end of all association; but peace is not the result of newspaper-writing, star-gazing, or engine-making; it is an effect of good morals and good government. The arts of destruction, as Arago calls them, belong to those arts which bring men together, teach them practical wisdom and tact, make them know what man is, and how he is to be governed. Those that he calls the "arts of peace" are the arts which may be carried on in solitude, which have no reference to moral character, which teach no tact, which leave a man perfectly ignorant of human nature, and therefore perfectly unfit to govern. The arts of the soldier and statesman and ecclesiastic are the real arts of peace, whose end is peace and civilisation, whatever means they use to secure it. Those which Arago calls arts of peace are merely arts of enjoyment and luxury, fostered certainly by peace, but by no means incompatible with war; arts that chiefly flourish in peace, not arts which in any sense can be said to be productive of peace.

The first great need of society is to be well governed; and its first rewards and recompenses must be given to the ruler, since the substantial part of them generally consists in a share of the honours which encircle the government. To admit a person into a participation of the governing power is the

highest mark of confidence, the most solid honour, that a people can confer. While this remains the case, we can hardly expect the people to conclude that because a man writes sparkling prose, makes popular songs, can shout out the *Ut de poitrine*, can do difficult sums, discover new comets and planets, and determine whether the light of the sun comes from a gaseous envelop or a solid surface, that he is therefore fit for a share in the functions of government. Yet this is the pretence of modern author-craft. Because they find that their journals, ballads, and placards, can excite the masses to pull down, therefore they suppose themselves capable of building constitutions, making laws, and directing and governing the people. Yet, when they tried it in 1848, it was not long before every honest man appealed from the pen to the sword, from the so-called arts of peace, which had brought nothing but confusion and terror, to the science of destruction, which had now turned out to be the science of safety and preservation.

We are quite unable to see the validity of the argument which our philosophers generally use to enforce their views. We do not see why, because the inventor of the steam-engine will be better remembered by posterity than the minister who governed England, or the warrior who fought her battles in his age, he ought therefore to monopolise all the honours. In the cathedral of London the architect of the pile has no monument, but a slab with the inscription *si quæris monumentum circumspice*, while Nelson has an elaborate erection to his memory. The artist erects his own monument; the warrior and statesman spend themselves for their country, but erect no permanent column to their own genius. Government and strategy are necessary but transitory acts; it is fair that the want of intrinsic durability should have some external compensation. But oftentimes the artist and the inventor pretend that all they seek is immortality—or, if any thing more, it is wealth; why, then, lay a claim to the honours set apart for the men of action? If the value of a work is to be measured by its duration, a pair of pantaloons may be more precious than the human body, a fiddle than the music which it is intended to express, and the labour of a bricklayer more virtuous than the effort of a man who risks his own life to save that of another. But it is not so. Life itself is but a passing act; and the great actions of life, the noble deeds, all human works that are truly great, are but portions of this transitory act—minor acts, whose duration is a few minutes or hours, and which then vanish, and leave no visible residuum behind; whereas art remains, and the artist or inventor in his very work builds his own monu-



ment, while the man of action spends himself for others, to whom he commits his reputation; and justly do the nations undertake to erect his tomb. Though he cannot, like the architect and engineer, stand amid the buildings he has erected, the railroads he has planned, or the machines he has invented, and say, *si quæris monumentum circumspice*, yet he can appeal to the common intelligence of mankind, which acknowledges that the governor is here and now more necessary for our present good than the artist and the inventor, that the soldier is for the present a more direct and indispensable benefactor of the race than he who spends his days in inventing a substitute for leather, or a new method of making iron malleable. We do not live by bread alone, much less by our modern luxuries; but our whole political and social life depends on the government. This is indispensable; those may be dispensed with. And, as a matter of experience, when it comes to the question of who should govern us, we protest that we would rather remain as we are, under the dominion of custom and law administered by soldiers and orators, country gentlemen and lawyers, than be ruled, or rather quacked, by a mixed commission of astronomers, poets, engineers, and newspaper-editors, each with some social theory fire-new from the mint of his own dreamy brain.

We have tried in this short article rather to indicate than expose the gross materialism of a batch of modern philosophers, who judge of acts only by their permanent results impressed on the material world, and capable of being tested by the senses. It is worse than the materialism of Lucretius; for he, though he denied all existence of souls, yet held that *simulacra* detached themselves like thin membranes from the surface of the body, and often after the death of their parent visited his surviving friends in their sleep, thus preserving the image and likeness of the departed, and embodying and immortalising the man in the thin film of his *eidolon* or ghost. But for our moderns, a man once gone is annihilated; nothing remains except what he manufactured; his acts, his virtues, and his vices, are all gone. From this, how easy to come to the crypto-conclusion of Arago and the Westminster reviewer, that mere acts are neither bad nor good; that they are transitory, and therefore neutral; that it is only as leaving some permanent and sensible effect that they are valuable; that the act which ceases in itself, the act of faith, of hope, of love—the act of hatred, envy, and concupiscence—has no value whatever, negative or positive, merits no punishment, and deserves no reward except accidentally, so far as it happens to affect the material well-being, or the order and

decency of society. That, as it merits no reward and deserves no punishment, there is no judgment to be expected, no hell, no heaven. They would probably deny the remaining one of the four last things, unless it was palpable in the prosperity of the cheap-funeral contractors, and in the increasing revenue from the succession-duty; but they are not without hope of adjourning the summons of even death itself *sine die* by means of improved drainage and ventilation, and a better care of exercise and diet.

However, failure or no failure, one thing is certain; and that is, that our missionaries will continue to advance on the same road, and will not be induced to shunt off their engine to the line recommended by Mr. Wortabet or the Westminster reviewer. Compared to the whole population of the world, compared even to the harvest of Buddhism and idolatry, that of the Church has as yet been scanty. Yet we must go on; a bad harvest is better than none. *Et post malam segetem serendum est,\** says Seneca. We must not despair because we are in a state of transition, wherein little is accomplished. The first wave of the flood-tide of the Church was in the times of the personal equality of the imperial system, and rushed from below upwards; then came a period of rest; the next wave was from above downwards, converting the people through the kings. The destruction of the feudal spirit has rendered this mode of missionary success from henceforth but of secondary importance. Society is now renewing itself on another basis of personal equality; and in the course of the present century men may perhaps be destined to see another mighty surge of the Church's waters, spreading once more from the broad base to the apex of society.

\* We must sow even after a bad harvest.

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## Reviews.

## BEN JONSON, RECUSANT AND RENEGADE.

*The Poems of Ben Jonson.* Edited by R. Bell. J. W. Parker.

THE wisdom of the ancients, when it wished to express its convictions that a man had chosen a field of research from which very little fruit could be gathered, would jocosely observe that "it is very hard to shave an egg." Doubtless our Protestant friends will think that we shall also find it very hard to extract any Catholic capital from the history of Ben Jonson; and so in one sense it would be: but our intention and wish is not to hold him up as a confessor of the faith, but to show that the vaunted glories of our great age of literature are not due to Protestantism; that the great writers of that period, so far from being favourers of the new religion, hated it in their hearts; and although they had not the hardihood to incur for any length of time the penalties of recusancy, yet when they conformed, it was with grudging and bitterness, resolved, as they best dared, to repay with sarcasm and insult the unbearable tyranny that took their convictions under its tutelage.

We have heretofore devoted an article\* to show that Shakespeare, the idol of all true Englishmen, is in no sense a Protestant poet; that whether or no he conformed to the dominant religion, his yearnings were all for the old one. Before we go on to Ben Jonson, we will add one more passage to those quoted in that paper, to show the contempt in which the great master held the sole doctrine in which all Protestants of the period were agreed—namely, the identity of the Pope with Antichrist, and of the Catholic Church with the harlot of the Apocalypse.

Every body remembers that marvellous conversation in which Mrs. Quickly and the boy describe Falstaff's death to Nym and Bardolph; and the dame's anxiety first to deny and then explain away the fact, that he "cried out of women," said they were devils incarnate, and that the devil would have him on their account. "A' never could abide carnation, it was a colour he never loved," is her comment on the first division of his text; and to explain the second, she allows that he was too free with the sex; "*but then,*" she says, "*he was rheumatic, and talked of the [old-woman] of Babylon.*"

\* In July 1854,—New Series, vol. ii. p. 19.



Now if any one will put himself in the position of an auditor in those days, remembering that *Rome* was then pronounced *Room*; and that the similarity of sound makes Mrs. Quickly suppose that rheumatism was the Room-disease characteristic of the period, the chief symptom of which was unmeasured invective against the said Babylonish woman; if he will remember also that almost the single doctrine of the Protestantism of the period, as taught in homilies and sermons, was the identity of this scarlet dame with the Catholic Church,—he cannot, in our opinion, fail to see what was the intention of the great dramatist in bringing forward his Mrs. Malaprop, innocently accounting for all the debauchery of the fat knight by his Roman fever, and his agreement with those homilies. To make old Falstaff die a Protestant, cursing Popery, and to record his fixed hatred of the colour which is supposed to symbolise Rome, is certainly the work of one who was no friend of the Reformation; and who would, in a jocular manner, throw what dirt he dared upon it.\*

But our present purpose is to examine into the Catholicity of Shakespeare's companion and rival Ben Jonson, about which there can be no such doubt as may be entertained about the religion of the bard of Stratford. Ben was born early in 1574. His father, who had been imprisoned in Queen Mary's reign, was probably a Protestant; in which persuasion Ben was nurtured, and continued till 1593 or 1594; when, being imprisoned in consequence of having killed a man in a duel, with the gallows before his eyes, and hell closing the dreary vista, his soul was open to the impressions of religion, and he received the lessons of a priest and was reconciled to the Church. On this, "spies were set to catch him;" but the keeper of the prison, who seems, like many of his trade in those dreary days, to have favoured the priest, advertised him of them, and his abjuration was not discovered. On his coming out, he married

\* Since the above was written, a passage from a Ms. of Richard James, B.D., Fellow of Ch. Ch. Oxford, born in 1592, and consequently a contemporary of Shakespeare, has been quoted in *Notes and Queries* for Nov. 8 ult., which renders it certain that in the character of Falstaff our great dramatist intended to ridicule the saints of the Reformation; just as in *Hudibras* Butler intended to lampoon the saints of the Rebellion. "In Shakespeare's first show of *Harrie the Fift*, the person with whom he undertook to play a buffoon was not Falstaff, but Sir Jno. Oldcastle; and offence being worthily taken by personages descended from his title (*as peradventure by many others also*), who put [him] to make an ignorant shift of abusing Sir Jno. Fastolphe; a man not inferior of virtue, though not so famous in piety as the other, *who gave witness to the truth of our Reformation with a constant and resolute martyrdom*, unto which he was pursued by the priests, bishops, monks, and friars of those days." So the person whom Shakespeare originally chose to enact this part was one of Fox's Saints and Martyrs; and when he was forced by popular clamour to drop that name, he chose another "of not inferior virtue" to illustrate the absurdities and the vices of Protestantism.

a wife, young, and a Catholic like himself, by whom he had at least two children, who died before him, and on whose death he composed very beautiful epigrams. She was, says Drummond, "a shrew, yet honest" *i. e.* faithful "to him." She died long before his visit to Scotland in 1618, when he communicated these particulars to the laird of Hawthornden. Before his conversion, he had taken to composing for the stage; and soon after his marriage he produced the corrected edition of *Every Man in his Humour*. The scene was originally laid in Italy; but after his conversion he transferred his satire from Catholic to Protestant manners. Some commentators have objected that he committed an oversight in retaining Kiteley's suspicions of his wife having poisoned his clothes and his drink: this, they say, is true of Italy, but happily unknown in England. But Gifford shows that the practice was as common in the time of Queen Elizabeth as now; and, indeed, quite a characteristic of her court. Soon after he produced *Every Man out of his Humour*. *Cynthia's Revels* was acted in 1600; its object was to ridicule the manners of the euphuists of the court. "After the atrocious execution of Mary of Scotland," says Gifford, "Whitehall appears to have grown extremely dull. Elizabeth herself lost her spirits, and became fretful and morose. The courtiers, who could not be gay, became affected;" and the Catholic poet could find no subject more congenial to his own feelings, or more gratifying to the spleen of the spiteful queen, than the castigation of their absurdities. In 1602 he published the *Poetaster*, and shortly afterwards the revised edition of his noble tragedy of *Sejanus*. The fine play, *Volpone*, was produced in 1605. But in this year Ben Jonson apostatised, and we shall trace his progress no longer; our intention is to examine into the probable motives of this lamentable step.

In Drummond's "costive and splenetic" account of his conversations with Ben in 1618, not much is said to enlighten us. "He took his religion," he tells us, "on trust of a priest who visited him in prison: he was twelve years a Papist; but after this he was reconciled to the Church of England, and ceased to be a recusant. At his first communion, in token of his true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine." Drummond, however, was not much impressed with the truth and sincerity of his conformity; for in summing up his character, he says: "he was for any religion, as being versed in both." Gifford tells us that he convinced himself "by the aid of those wiser guides who follow truth alone."\* Any how,

\* Gifford has gathered this from an *interpretation* of some lines in Jonson's

by whatever means it came about, in 1605 he ceased to be a Catholic.

But it will be interesting to examine the steps of his apostasy a little more minutely. About 1603, two years before that event, his turn for conviviality commenced, as Gifford tells us. Then he rejoined the immortal club of the Mermaid tavern, where he and Shakespeare were the ruling minds. For ten years before his notions of religious duty seem to have kept him from this society. The stricter Catholics were as notorious as the Puritans for their objections to gambling and swearing. Thus, in *Every Man in his Humour*,\* Kitley says of Cash his clerk, who raises his suspicions by refusing to take an oath:

“He’s no precisian, that I’m certain of,  
Nor rigid Roman Catholic: he’ll play  
At fayles and tick-tack; I have heard him swear.”

Perhaps also the profession of actor or playwright was as suspicious in their eyes as it is now in those of the precisians of Belgium, where players are (or were till lately) excommunicate, and the faithful forbidden to frequent the theatre. Ben seems to have split the difference between the rigid Catholics and the loose fishes; he wrote for the stage, but eschewed the Coal-hole. From the moment of his entering the latter place in 1603 he must be classed among the mere hangers-on of Popery, a loose outsider, with nothing to distinguish him externally from an ordinary “Christian unattached.” Here he doubtless belonged to that numerous category of Papists who are referred to in an act of parliament of the period, which we shall shortly quote, who strove to hide their recusancy and escape its penalties by occasional attendance at church, where they snored through service and sermon. Such a culpable complacency is the inevitable preliminary to that fine easy amble which carries men so smoothly down-hill. They get used to tampering with their consciences; and if any more severe law is enacted requiring farther compliances, they are “Execration upon Vulcan” for having burned his papers. Among the pieces consumed were some in which

—“twice twelve years [had] stored up humanity  
With humble gleanings in divinity  
After the Fathers, and those wiser guides  
Whom faction had not drawn to follow sides.”

There is not a word here to justify Gifford in saying that Jonson devoted himself to the Fathers for the purpose of reconsidering his religion. Ben is evidently talking of extracts from the Fathers for controversy, and from the wiser guides, the ascetic writers, who do not enter the lists of polemics at all, for devotion. All that we can gather from this is, that Ben, like most other persons who have compromised their orthodoxy, affects to believe that piety is separable from, and more important than, truth.

\* Act iii. scene 2.



pretty sure to make the concession. Doubtless a learned man like Jonson would search for precedents for going arm-in-arm with majesty into the temple of Remmon,\* and bowing down there. He would turn over the pages of the "wiser guides who follow truth alone," till he found something to his purpose. His biographers generally assert that he undertook a deep study of the Fathers to clear his conscience previous to this step. It would be no doubt interesting to be able to point out the very passages of patristic lore which wrought this change in his soul. And we think we are able to do so with a considerable degree of probability. The *Bibliotheca Patrum* we have consulted is, however, no popish one, like the collections of Cotelierius, Gallandus, or La Bigne, nor even the Puseyite Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology from Oxford; but the works of the *patres conscripti* of the state religion of England, as contained in the prolix folios of the "Statutes at Large." We find chapters of that great work, "made and provided" in the very year in question (1605), that fully explain Ben's new illumination. The fourth chapter of the third year of James I. (1605) is intituled "An act for better discovering and repressing Popish recusants," and begins—

"Forasmuch as it is found by daylie experience that manie his majestie's subjects that adhere in their hearte to the Popish religion, by the infection drawn from thence, and by the wicked and devillishe counsell of Jesuites, seminaries, and other like persons dangerous to the Church and State, are so far perverted in the point of their loyalties and due allegiance unto the king's maj<sup>ie</sup> and the crown of England, as that they are readie to entertain and execute any treasonable conspiracies and practices, as evidently appears by"—the Gunpowder Plot, (we are tired of quoting verbatim). And whereas some Papists hide their recusancy by occasional conformity—that is, by occasionally appearing at church; therefore, to prevent such frauds for the future, it is enacted that Popish recusants, conforming and repairing to church, shall receive the sacrament there once a year, under penalties of 20*l.* for the first year, 40*l.* for the second, and 60*l.* for the third; half to go to the exchequer, and half to any informer who chooses to sue.

We tremble for the stability of the jolly rollickers of the Mermaid; for those witty companions who, like Dr. Johnson, could only breathe the air of London, who would die if removed from the stage and from the court. They might, however, brave the penalty; but an unkind cut awaits them. Let us turn to the next chapter in our *Bibliotheca Patrum*.

\* 4 Kings, v. 18.

In the fifth chapter of the third year of James I. (1605) we read as follows : " Whereas divers Jesuits, seminaries, and Popish priests daylie doe withdrawe many of his majestie's subjects from the true service of Almighty God, and the religion established within this realme, to the Romishe religion . . . . and have persuaded them to damnable treasons . . . . therefore a reward of the third part of the penalty (provided such third part does not exceed 50*l*.) is offered to all persons discovering recusants who harbour priests or attend Mass." And the second section of the act makes the following cruel inroad upon the courtly and urbane literati of the Mermaid : " And whereas the repaire of such evil-affected persons to the corte or to the citie of London may be very dangerous to his majestie's person, &c. . . . be it enacted that no Popish recusant convicted or to be convicted shall come into the courte or house where the king's majestie or the heire apparent shall be," under a penalty of 100*l*. : and, worse still, " shall not remaine within ten miles of London, unless within three months they conform, under the same penalty."

Now Ben, writer of plays and contriver of court-masques, poet, wit, Londoner, and jolly companion of the Mermaid, take your choice. Alas! it was but a little step from occasional conformity to the new mode of reconciliation by taking the sacrament. Ben complied; and to show his sincerity, " at his first communion, in token of his true reconciliation, he drank out the full cup of wine."

This little trait has afforded a fine handle for the comments of biographers, who see no irreverence in the act, but only a custom of the times, an evidence of the new-born fervour of the convert, or of his manly and decided character. We can, however, supply a few anecdotes which will throw a different light on the matter, and will justify Drummond's sarcastic expression of incredulity concerning his sincerity. The remarks which we are about to make, and the terms which we feel compelled to use, will necessarily be very offensive to our Anglican friends, who should not read what follows unless they are conscious of very good tempers. For ourselves, we would never insult any one's religious convictions except in self-defence. And this is a question of self-defence. By means of horrible persecutions your Church made our people partake of its communion; and then you and your writers forthwith claim for your religion whatever lustre the genius of these compulsory conformists can shed on it. However painful it may be to you to see this conformity represented in its true colours, as it appeared to the victims and as it appears to us, such representation is necessary to the cause of truth and of

justice. Suppose the priests of Baal had claimed Elias as a convert because he said, "Cry aloud; for he is god, and perhaps he is asleep, or talking," the young prophets, we imagine, would have defended their master's sarcasm and mocking invective, and would have shown by parallel cases that such an admission as Elias made involves only a bitterer denial of what he seems to assert. In the same way we intend to show that the apparent conformity of Ben Jonson was really intended by him to be an insult to the ceremony at which he was obliged to assist, instead of a hearty acceptance of it. The swilling the whole cupful of liquor (no other terms will properly express Ben's feeling about the act) certainly was a token of the truth of his reconciliation; but in the same way as a witness spitting at the book on which he is sworn instead of kissing it would be a token of the truth of the testimony he is about to give. We are afraid, dear reader, that you will think Ben's act horribly sacrilegious; and our tone in describing it flippant in the extreme, and inconsistent with the character of a serious review. But we beseech you to put yourself into our place, and to look at it, as well as you can, from our point of view.

Suppose you were in China, and were invited by some great mandarin to eat rice with him in the temple of the great dragon, with the alternative, say, of being flayed alive: of course you would at once choose the latter horn of the dilemma, and would cast your skin with as much unconcern as you take off your clothes. But suppose that in a moment of weakness—(mind, we do not say it is likely on the part of one so firm in his convictions as yourself)—suppose, however, you had culpably complied with the mandarin's former suggestion, we do not think you would afterwards suffer many scruples of conscience for having by such means as you dared testified your repugnance to the idol-feast of which you had partaken: you would rather boast, "Oh, but I spat in the idol's face, and carved my initials on the dragon's tail." Just so did the persons in question act towards the Anglican bread and wine; which, after all, no one, not even the most romanising Tractarian, has any right, since the late synod of Bath, to assert to be more than mere bread and wine—blessed bread and wine if you like; but still no more capable of being the matter of any real sacrilege than a leg of mutton after Paterfamilias has said grace over it. Pardon us for being plain-spoken; it is because we are not at all willing to allow you to lose sight of the real conclusion of the Denison decision.

In times of persecution one would hardly look to the theatres and pothouses, or even to the literary clubs, to contri-



bute any notable supply of confessors and martyrs. One would expect perhaps a great deal of witty abuse of the persecutors, and a great deal of tart irony on the subject of the dominant religion; but very little strength of purpose in resisting it. Conformity would be treated as a joke, and slang names invented to describe it; but nevertheless the conformity would be effected. Just so did the "fast" Catholics act. They called receiving the bread and wine "lunching with the curate," and attributed no more meaning to it than they would to that ceremony. Even pious persons sometimes so far compromised themselves as to do it once in their lives to secure their estates. It is related of a Comte de Montesquieu, who inherited large property in Ireland, which would pass to his brother in the event of his persisting in his recusancy, that he went over to his estate, "lunched with the curate," disposed of his property, and then reconciled himself anew to the Church; and that on being reproached by a serious friend for his fall, he answered, "he would sooner trust his soul for a week to Almighty God than his estate for a day to his brother." But even reprobate Catholics, who intended their apostasy to be final, nevertheless, as far as they dared, exhibited their contempt for the communion they were pretending to join. Those whose rank or recklessness placed them above the fear of consequences, often showed their disdain in a very summary manner. One apostate duke, after tasting the cup, gave it back to the parson with grimaces of disgust, and turned to his neighbour with the exclamation, "Port, by G—!" And Dr. Lushington and Dr. Sumner would have justified his asseveration; it was port-wine and nothing else, unless, which we can scarcely suppose, in those days merchants had learned to manufacture a spurious article out of logwood, elder-wine, and brandy. The same personage, at a great dinner given by the Bishop of London in his honour, in reply to a speech congratulating the Church of England on its distinguished convert, begged to propose as a toast, "the glorious Reformation, which had given wine to the laity, and wives to the clergy." Another noble and gracious apostate, the Duke of Shrewsbury, when, at Bromsgrove Church, he made the communion that was to capacitate him for office in the government, smelt the cup that was offered to him, and, without tasting it, demanded of the curate how he could expect a gentleman to drink such cursed stuff? thereupon he poured it on the ground (a ceremony since embodied by Dr. Hook in the Leeds ritual), and sent his servant to Grafton Manor to procure some better wine. The grand-daughter of the man sent is still living, and has often repeated the story to our informant.

Our last instance is still more like that of Ben Jonson. A sailor, forced to conform, put a shilling into the offertory-plate, and at the rails drank up the whole cupful of wine; giving back the empty vessel to the parson, with the remark that it was a d—d good shilling's worth, and he did not care how soon he had another. Now the very existence of these traditions among Catholics, even if they had not been true, would show what means they would take, if they dared, to exhibit their abhorrence of the act they were forced to perform. When, therefore, we find Ben Jonson taking these very means, there is, it appears to us, very little reason to doubt his true motive. There is, of course, great weakness in this conduct—it is like that of ancient Pistol, who eats the leek, and swears he will be horribly revenged. It is disgusting enough to the man of truth and of nerve; but, after all, it is only weakness and cowardice, seeking to shield itself under the mask of buffoonery, not the more disgusting hypocrisy of the serious apostate and renegade. We cannot ask Protestants to feel as we do with regard to this insult to their religion; but we do ask them to have fairness enough to own that they have only themselves to thank for it, in compelling recalcitrant recusants to redeem their liberty and their living by eating the "supper."

After his weak compliance, Ben Jonson exhibited precisely the kind of character that we should expect in a man so ill at ease in his conscience. "A great lover and praiser of himself, a contemner and scorner of others, given rather to lose a friend than a jest, jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he lived,—a dissembler of the parts which reign in him, a bragger of some good that he wanted; thinketh nothing well done but what either he himself or some of his friends have said or done. He is passionately kind and angry, careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but if he be well answered, at himself; interprets best sayings and deeds often to the worst. He was for any religion, as being versed in both; *oppressed with fancy which hath o'er-mastered his reason*,—a general disease in many poets."

One thing, however, we must say for him, that after his apostasy he never libelled the religion that he had the weakness to relinquish; unlike Jeremy Taylor, or Chillingworth, or Gibbon, he never prostituted his talents to such a purpose. On the contrary, like "little John Nobody, that durst not speak," he continued to the end of his life to lash the vices of reformed England; never, that we know of, did he satirise the Catholic religion. In his *Staple of News*, written in 1625,

he gives some cock-and-bull stories about the Jesuits, to which his biographers refer as a proof of the sincerity of his Protestantism, but which are told in derision of those who believe in them, not in mockery of the Jesuits themselves. The persons who feel his lash are the gaping parsons and country justices, with their continual inquiries after the plots of recusants:

“The public chronieler and gentle reader  
No more shall be abused; nor country parsons  
Of the inquisition; nor busy justices  
Trouble the peace, and both torment themselves  
And their poor ignorant neighbours, with inquiries  
After the many and most innocent monsters  
That never came in the counties they were charged with.”

It is simply in mockery of the open-mouthed Protestant customers of the news-office that he retails these stories about the Jesuits:

“ — The King of Spain is chosen Pope  
And emperor too, the thirtieth of February,  
And Spinola is made general of the Jesuits;  
And Vitellesco, he that was last general,  
Being now turned cook to the society,  
Has dressed his Excellence such a dish of eggs!”

There! we defy Exeter Hall to make much of that. What follows is more in its style:

“But what if Spinola have a new project  
To bring an army over in cork shoes,  
And land them here at Harwich! all his horse  
Are shod with cork, and fourscore pieces of ordnance  
Mounted upon cork-carriages, with bladders  
Instead of wheels, to run the passage over  
At a spring-tide.”

He satirises the Calvinists at Amsterdam:

“The saints do write, they expect a prophet shortly,  
The prophet Baal,\* to be sent over to them  
To calculate a time, and half a time,  
And the whole time, according to Naometry.”

To whom is this applicable? to us, or to the religion which is illuminated by Cumming on the Apocalypse, Newton on Daniel, and Keith on the prophecies? The news from Constantinople is as amusing:

“They give out here, the grand signior  
Is certainly turned Christian; and to clear  
The controversy 'twixt the Pope and him,  
Which is the Antichrist, he means to visit  
The church at Amsterdam this very summer,  
And quit all marks of the beast.”

\* Baal means Ball — a noted preacher of those days, mentioned in the *Execration upon Vulcan*:

“The admired discourses of the prophet Ball.”



“Joyful tidings!” exclaims the puritan customer. But whom is Ben deriding, let us ask—the divines who are contending whether the Pope or the Sultan be the Antichrist, or the Pope, about whom the controversy is kindled?

We have no time to trace the declining years of the poet's life. We fear that he was more constant to the royal idol, whose worship he had adopted, than he had been to God: “he continued,” says Gifford, “while his faint and faltering tongue could articulate, to pay his annual duty to his royal master,” and with all the fawning flattery of those king-worshipping times. Yet among his papers that were left unfinished at his death, and that appear in his “Discoveries,” we find many indications of his dissatisfaction with his state. Unlike Donne, who can see nothing but triumphant progress towards perfection in the reformed world, Ben finds it raving mad: “Would she had but doated still! but her dotage is now broke forth into a madness, and become a mere frenzy.” In another place we have a curious attempt to combine loyalty to his sovereign and pity for the persecuted victims of the king's injustice. “Justice is the virtue that innocence rejoiceth in. Yet even that is not always so safe, but it may love to stand in the sight of mercy. For sometimes misfortune is made a crime, and then innocence is succoured no less than virtue. *Nay, oftentimes virtue is made capital,*”—as he had found during his recusancy, and as he timidly enough complains in these his dying words. Alas, poor, rare old Ben! could you not be content with creating your immortal Bobadil, without (in a religious sense) acting the part yourself? Was the glory of your long recusancy thus to be extinguished, and “left like an unsavoury snuff?” For twelve long years you scorned the sneaking hostility of the common informers and the pursuivants, but at last your Downright came upon you, armed with acts of parliament, and then you cried out, “Hold, under favour forbear!” For twelve long years you had braved the area-sneaks, but you could not endure the swinging of the swash-bucklers, and like Pistol, at their desires and requests and petitions, you ate, look you, this leek; and for much the same reasons as Fluellen gave: “because, look you, you did not love it, nor your affections, and your appetites, and your digestions, did not agree with it.” We pity you, dear Ben, for eating; but we thank you for that grimace by which you testified how nauseous you found the flavour of the food.

## TURNER'S PICTURES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

IF in all the fragrant pomp of stuffing and gravy that invaluable fowl, the goose, is convicted of folly because she is "too much for one, and not enough for two," with more reason is she chargeable with foolishness whilst living her most ornamental but briefest of lives, on green, common, or stubble, since naturalists tell us that no goose passes any portal, however high, without stooping in fear of a concussion. This is folly, the pride that apes humility with a vengeance. Few men of European nurture having altogether gooselike souls, it is the practice of certain kingly potentates in torrid climes, whose likenesses we see mostly on cups and saucers and cakes of Indian ink, to make the door of the audience-chamber so low that a contumacious envoy must either do homage on entering or fracture his skull—that is, if diplomatic skulls be thin enough, which may be doubted. An estimable friend of ours, an enthusiastic Turnerite, being unwilling to make geese of his friends, and finding three-foot doorways inconsistent with domestic convenience, adopts a plan of exhibiting his "Abbotsford," which, without infringing on his guest's sense of self-respect, obliges him to do corporal obeisance to the genius of the mighty painter. Having, with reverential gestures, unlocked the polished mahogany casket in which his gem is enshrined, he places the precious deposit in a proper slant on a low chair, day's garish eye being first duly mitigated, and then steps aside to enjoy his visitor's delight. The latter must of course either plump on his knees at once, like a man, or compromise by squatting on his hams, like a "black fellow," to the infinite danger of his braces, if not worse. We have gone through the process, and being lean and spare, survive; but some day a fat friend will succumb, and a catastrophe occur which we shudder to contemplate. Anyhow the supremacy of Turner is vindicated.

For our own part, we flatter ourselves that we enter the gates of the temple which Turner has erected to his own fame in the spirit neither of a goose nor an envoy. Still less will we yield service under the dragooning drill of the fashionable critic of the day. But in all seriousness and gravity, nevertheless, and in the exercise of a free and unbiassed judgment, we think his claim to be considered the greatest of modern painters abundantly established.

To arrive at this decision, no more materials are needed

than are now to be found (*seen* would not be exactly the truth) in the rooms of Marlborough House, which, in common with many thousand visitors, we have succeeded in "doing" to a certain extent this week.

Beyond all doubt, that painter is the greatest who most excels in the highest kind of art, in that power of representation which can set before us an image, however faint, of Divinity itself glorifying and illuminating man's face and form, which can present to our devout gaze such features as may have belonged to the Mother of God, and to the saints in heaven. Next in rank is he who can record the heroic and noble passages which dignify the pages of the world's history. Perhaps we ought to continue the descent of the scale still further before we arrive at the position of the artist who most perfectly represents the aspects of mere inanimate nature. But in declaring Turner to be the greatest of modern painters, what we mean, distinctly and unhesitatingly, is this, that no modern painter, in England or abroad, of subjects, either of devotion, or history, or belonging to what is called high art, has attained a position which places him at all on an equality with the great masters of the past; while Turner has not only outstripped in a notable degree all his competitors of modern times in the highest style of rendering inanimate nature, but has also surpassed in many respects every painter of similar subjects who has ever existed. We are not blind to his faults and shortcomings, to his extravagancies and eccentricities: but granting these, in all that constitutes true greatness in his branch of art, he remains, we are satisfied, without a superior. Hereafter, when circumstances admit of a more critical examination of the wonderful series of pictures which shine and glow even in the shadows of a back room and the fogs of November, we propose to explain more fully, and to illustrate our reasons for an admiration which is certainly neither prompted nor influenced by the cant of wordy art-criticism, which is a fashion and folly of the day. In the mean time let all who have a healthy enjoyment of painting take an earnest of future pleasure by seeing what little they can at present. Between the "Vernon" Turners and the artist's munificent gift to the nation, an entire history of the rise, progress, perfection, and, we hardly like to add, decay of his powers, is now collected within the walls of a single building. The new pictures are all dated, so that the uninitiated will find no difficulty on that score. Beginning with the dark old landscape, and the yeasty, foaming, Backhuysen-like shipwreck of 1805, we see how Turner *learned* to paint; then how, reading nature by the flame of his own genius, he sought



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to express his growing knowledge by forms sanctioned and familiarised by custom, in such pictures as the "Decline of Carthage," which bears the date of 1817; then how, impatient of all trammels, when his very soul was bathed in the light of sun, moon, and stars, when the thousand changes of the atmosphere, and the endless combinations of colour became, as it were, a part of himself, he planned and executed such marvels of the imagination as the "Childe Harold" poem, for such it is, and (in 1839) the "Fighting Téméraire," with its overpowering sentiment and moral. It is difficult to conceive how a mere painting of an old ship being towed along at sunset can produce so deep and lasting an impression on the mind; but herein lies the glory of the artist.

Thus, in his first style, he gave a doubtful promise; in his second he measured himself boldly, but with an uncertain success, against the great Frenchman; in his third, if third it may be called, and not rather the due expansion in a natural direction of the second, he triumphantly asserted his transcendent genius. We trust that time may deal gently with the monuments of his fame; but there is much to be apprehended from the daring and unscrupulous mode in which he dealt with the materials of his art. The present actual money-value of his pictures now in possession of the nation is truly enormous, outweighing, in fact, the estimated value of all the rest of the collection.

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#### CONSCIENCE AND FAITH.

*The National Review*, Oct. 1856. Chapman and Hall.

OUR contemporary, *The National Review* for October, in an able but somewhat obscure article on "Personal influences on our present theology,—Newman, Coleridge, Carlyle," makes some remarks that are so exceedingly unjust to Dr. Newman, that we cannot pass them over in silence. After speaking with great praise of his theory of faith, the action of which begins in the conscience, and is developed by the intellect, "reverently taking the Divine instincts and drawing out their hidden oracles into the symmetry of a holy philosophy," the writer goes on to say, that "when we pass from his disquisitions to his tales, and observe the use to which he puts his doctrine in practical life, we start back in dismay, &c;" for there, he says, we find "the word *faith* degraded to the sense of trying the experiment of an unknown religion, and obeying



it at hazard." And there the "convert to Romanism" is warned that he "must not expect to get through without dirt, and to hope that things will look clearer when the eye has become used to them." Thus, he concludes, "whether you yield to what commands or to what scandalises your natural reverence, you equally satisfy the conditions of Dr. Newman's '*faith*.'"

Now, in the first place, we are not careful in general to answer objections brought forward against the religious teachings of tales and novels: if there is any form of literature we detest and abominate, it is that wherein a flounced miss discourses on piety, or the events of the story demonstrate the falsehood of the system of the Jesuits. If a man has facts to prove or to state, let him prove them or state them like a man; but let him not work them up into a tale, where few will care, and no one will be able, to separate facts from fiction; where the truth is so associated with falsehood, that it becomes suspicious even to the most favourable eye, and where arguments are presented to the hostile spirit in precisely that form in which they are most easily silenced, if not most summarily refuted. We cannot fancy any more inappropriate engine for the edification of a religious conviction in a suspicious mind than the religious story. But, in conceding thus much, we by no means condemn Dr. Newman's two tales. They are invaluable for the keen edge of their satire; they are swords, not spades or trowels; their use is to smite and pierce, not to build—to destroy, not to create. They are meant, as it appears to us, for one particular class of minds, and not for the whole world of readers. They are meant for those whose reason has been enthralled and puzzled by a system of imposition in which they have been nurtured, to which they are attached by habit, and are bound by interest; while their innermost instincts, the sympathy of their faith and conscience is irresistibly attracted to another and a vaster system, to a "mighty mother," whose secret influences pierce all the walls and blinds with which their jealous governess has surrounded them. The aim of Dr. Newman's tales is, we think, rather to break the snare than to build any positive convictions: they are written for men and women in whom the nucleus of faith is ready formed, and are intended to help them to shuffle off the husk and the dirt that impedes the free action of their souls. In *Loss and Gain* the hero who so sadly scandalises the *National* reviewer, by exhibiting his faith in the way of "trying the experiment of an unknown religion," is a person in whom faith is only impeded and hindered by the trammels of an allegiance to a false system, wherein the true action of his convic-

tions is impossible; conscience and faith, therefore, urge him to break the snare. To Charles Reding conversion is chiefly a deliverance; he receives very little that is new, nothing that is contrary to his conscience; his chief act is to cast off that to which he clings by the force of habit and by the superstition of an irrational fear. For such a man to remain in the Church of England would be "the placid swallowing of what is offensive to the moral sense." It is not as if a man to whose conscience prayers for the dead, the invocation of saints, and such-like doctrines, were repugnant, were asked to join the Church in defiance of his convictions. But it is that a man who had come to see the utter futility of the Protestant objections to these doctrines is urged thereupon to drop his Protestantism; to drop a system which has come to be inconsistent with the inmost convictions of his heart. We do not deny that it would be an indefensible thing to work upon a man's fears, and make him become a Catholic contrary to his convictions; but it is a more degrading superstition still to work upon his fears, his interest, his worldly affections, to make him remain a Protestant contrary to his convictions; as it is worse to deny what you believe than to profess a little more than you are yet convinced of. It is against this great superstition, that the satire of *Loss and Gain* is directed. To suppose that its aim is to enforce the former course shows either great malice or great stupidity.

The only plausible pretext for the reviewer's injustice seems to us to be found in the design of the *Essay of Development*, which is meant to afford "a solution of such a number of the reputed corruptions of Rome as might form a fair ground for trusting her where the investigation had not been pursued." But here also it is only a very unscrupulous adversary who could metamorphose this course of conduct into "swallowing blindfold what is offensive to the moral sense." The peculiar doctrines alluded to are those with which the moral sense has absolutely nothing whatever to do. How does it come within the province of the moral sense to determine whether or no there is a purgatory; whether departed saints as well as living Christians are to be asked to intercede for us; whether St. Peter was chief of the Apostles, or whether they were all equal; whether their power is transmitted to their successors or not? The fallacy of Anglicans and of the *National* reviewer is to mistake the prejudices of education for conscience and moral sense. These questions are only to be determined by a revelation. Anglicanism, professing to be the organ of a revelation, has handed down its negative and protesting tradition on all these points, and bids us search



Scripture and antiquity to prove her assertions. Rome declares herself to be the organ of the true revelation which affirms them, and challenges examination of her claims. But the questions in dispute are too numerous for any single life to suffice to sift them all on their own merits, and on the evidence appealed to by both sides. A more summary method, therefore, is requisite. Hitherto you have believed the Anglican tradition; the Catholic Church proclaims that this tradition is false—false on every point; and that the Anglican Establishment is a deceiver and a liar. What, in the world, has the person to do, but to select some one or two of the points in dispute, to test the veracity of the two parties in the evidence brought forward in these particulars, and from them to determine the general fact of the trustworthiness of the testimony of the two rival organs? It is not, we repeat, as if the points in dispute were subjects on which the oracle of the inner conscience gave or could give a definite answer. It is not as if they were questions of murder and robbery, idolatry, blasphemy, and untruth: they are merely subjects of external revelation, which *à priori* the human mind cannot pronounce to be true or false, good or bad. They are cases in which we can only look to the historical evidences of the revelation, and decide, as probably as we may, which rival organ appears to be the more honest witness of the communications of God.

The reviewer commits a further injustice in charging Dr. Newman with originating the pernicious practice, now so common with Puseyites, of drowning their convictions or misgivings by plunging into a vortex of work. Dr. Newman's practical suggestions are all the other way; in favour of developing instead of stifling those misgivings which really proceed from the intellect in accordance with conscience. The best reason and conscience of hundreds of Anglicans would lead them to the Catholic Church; Anglican authorities retain these persons by exaggerating the claims of the Establishment, and representing it as the work of faith not to desert the community in which they were educated, till they have mathematical demonstration of the truth of the opposite system. Dr. Newman shows that, in matters of faith, mathematical demonstration is impossible; that all action is in matters of probability, and that all matters of probability admit a doubt. Faith, then, must venture something; must for the moment profess more than it can demonstrate; the experience of ages promises that the immediate effect of this profession shall be a clearness of vision, strong and overpowering as demonstration itself. As in any other practical matter, when



you have once arrived at the highest probability compatible with the nature of the subject, or at sufficient probability to justify a prudent, or even a venturesome, man in acting, then commit yourself to God, and in His name act. How, in the world, can this be called acting contrary to the moral sense?

The reviewer's injustice is so great in these points, and at the same time he speaks so calmly and with such apparent justice on most others, that we cannot but think that his mind is warped with the notion which Mr. Francis Newman develops so fully, that an historical religion is impossible; that no dogmas have really any religious value; and that the sole seat of religion is in the practical conscience: and further, that this practical conscience, however oblivious it may have at times become of its duties, is never ignorant of them, and only requires from time to time to be reminded of them. Such a theory at once shuts out from the area of religion all doctrines of which the mind is ignorant prior to revelation, and of which it is not absolutely in itself the sufficient judge and arbiter immediately they are proposed to it. Its votary forgets that when the convert to Catholicity acquiesces in things which shock him, this shock touches not his moral nature, but only his prejudices of education. In invoking the saints, in praying for souls in purgatory, in acknowledging the efficacy of the Sacraments, he touches points which are absolutely untouched by the human conscience left to itself, and which depend purely and simply on the evidences of a revelation. Therefore, in discarding some qualms and misgivings of reason on these points, on the rational ground of the general trustworthiness of the Church, he may be acting venturesomely, rashly, but he never can fairly be said to be acting against his moral sense, his instinctive reverence, or his conscience.

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## Short Notices.

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### MISCELLANEOUS LITERATURE.

*A Treatise upon Modern Instrumentation and Orchestration.* By Hector Berlioz. Translated by Mary Cowden Clarke. (Novello.) Hector Berlioz is well known to every cultivated musician as one of the very ablest of living composers, and is frequently recognised as the representative of what may be called the romantic school. Whether he ever could become a "popular" composer, even in the sense in

which Beethoven and Mendelssohn are popular, is another question. Whatever be the case, however, with the multitude, whether ignorant or intelligent, his works are well worth the study of every musician, not only for the gifts of undoubted genius which they display, but also for the felicity and ingenuity with which M. Berlioz employs nearly all the resources of his art. If he at times verges on the eccentric, and seems to be striving after novelty for novelty's sake, these defects must be overlooked as a kind of infirmity naturally attendant on the peculiar bent of his genius.

In the treatise before us M. Berlioz appears as a musical critic. And as every man of genius, more or less, shows himself one and the same in almost every thing that he does, we find both the merits and deficiencies of his musical compositions in his scientific writings. As a whole, the *Treatise on Instrumentation* is not without its omissions, its singularities, and its exaggerations; but it is nevertheless a work which none but a master could have written. It abounds with information, and with acute and original reflection; and its style is that of a writer of thoughts and feelings, and not that of a mere treatise-manufacturer, whose intellect and heart are about as much moved by the divine art as a cobbler's soul is moved by the study of boots and shoes. The liveliness and point with which he describes the *character* of certain instruments, or certain notes, or certain keys, is almost amusing, but none the less appropriate. Thus, the three lowest notes in the trombone scale are described as "enormous and magnificent" on the tenor trombone, as "of indifferent sonorousness" on the alto, and as "terrible" on the bass. Of a certain passage in the *Iphigenia in Tauride*, he writes that "the orchestra, deeply agitated, utters sobs and convulsive sighs, attended throughout by the fearful and persevering mutter of the violas." Or he tells the reader that the key of B minor on the violin is "very sonorous, wild, rough, ominous, violent." It certainly is going a long way to call a particular key "ominous;" and will make our frigid academic smile with pity. Still, even when *outré*, M. Berlioz's remarks are those of a musician of unceasing observation and unusual acuteness.

The faults in the work are partly in the way of omission and want of universality of musical sympathy, and partly in the way of whimsical exaggeration. As a specimen of the whimsical and the overdone, take his section on the kettle-drum, with the lengthy illustration from his own Requiem. It is surely out of all character in an instructive and scientific essay on Modern Orchestration as such, to illustrate the *use* of the drum from a piece which requires sixteen drums and ten drummers. In fact, *one-twelfth* of the entire work is occupied by the subject of drums!

The organ, on the contrary, is dismissed in less than three pages. This section is one of the least satisfactory in the book. Few musicians will agree with M. Berlioz in condemning, almost unreservedly, its use in an orchestra. In spite of the exquisite instruments made by M. Cavallier-Col, the French are still in nearly total ignorance of the true organ school of music. It may be questioned whether Bach's pedal fugues are known to the Parisian public. In the midst of this ignorance, we can scarcely expect M. Berlioz to sympathise with the class of music in which the powers of the organ are most splendidly shown. With all the brilliance of his own genius, the delicate beauties of his orchestration, and the ingenuity and even power of his modulations, M. Berlioz is not a master in the use of fugue and its many minor forms,—forms which, in our judgment, cannot be wholly cast aside without



depriving grand compositions of some portion of their grandeur and profound interest. No music *wears* thoroughly well which does not produce in some degree the impression of variety in unity; and that, not merely in variety and harmoniousness of colour, but in variety and harmoniousness of form. The mere succession of tune, however melodious, or of instrumental beauty, however rich and changing, cannot affect the *whole* mind of the listener, or stir his emotions to the lowest depth. It is by the application of the principle of the fugue, in some shape or other, that Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven have achieved their greatest triumphs; and as we believe that principle to be founded on the laws of human nature itself, we do not think that any musician will ever attain a place in the very highest rank whose works are not imbued with that contrapuntal unity, which may be the idol of the pedant, but is the guide of the man of genius.

M. Berlioz has illustrated his treatise with above sixty passages from the great masters, most of them well chosen and highly interesting; but they would have been more so, had he not excluded Spohr and Mendelssohn from the list. The extraordinary beauties of Gluck's instrumentation will probably be made known to many for the first time.

Altogether, then, we think the volume before us a work, though not complete, yet of sterling value, and worthily characteristic of its author. Its price, moreover, considering what it contains, and the care with which it is printed, is very moderate.

*Dulcis Jesu Memoria; a Medieval Sequence from the Sarum Graduale, reduced to Modern Notation and Time; with an Accompaniment for Organ or Piano-forte.* By John Lambert. (Addison and Hollis.) A beautiful and taking Gregorian hymn, of the cast most pleasing to modern ears. It harmonises also easily, as Mr. Lambert has shown in his judicious accompaniment. He has printed both the Latin and English of St. Bernard's exquisite hymn; and we may recommend the whole to Catholic choirs of all kinds.

*Later Biblical Researches in Palestine and the adjacent Regions: a Journal of Travels in the year 1852.* By E. Robinson, Eli Smith, and others. Drawn up, &c. by Ed. Robinson, D.D., Professor of Biblical Literature in the Union Theological Seminary, New York. (London, John Murray.) This work is in the main a reassertion of the conclusions published by the author in 1840. We can neither examine nor discuss his multitudinous observations, but must confine our attention to one point. Dr. Robinson has devoted all his energies and talents to undermine the tradition which identifies the Tomb of our Lord with the cave of the "Holy Sepulchre." In this volume he reasserts his position, on two grounds, topographical and historical. Topographically, he pretends to demonstrate that the site in question is *within* the walls of the city, and therefore incapable of having been used as a tomb: with this branch of his subject we do not feel competent to meddle; but we hope that some resident Catholic will answer his assertion;—no difficult task, if he is as unfair as a topographer as he is as a citer of ancient authorities.

As to the historical argument, his main point is, that in Constantine's days no tradition of the site existed, but that it was revealed by a miracle; or, as he would have us conclude, by a mere unfounded dream of an enthusiast. To prove this he quotes Eusebius, who asserts that after the Council of Nice, Constantine "became desirous of performing a glorious work in Palestine, by adorning and rendering sacred the place of our Lord's resurrection." "For," he proceeds, "hitherto im-



pious men, or rather the whole race of demons through their instrumentality, had made every effort to deliver over that illustrious monument to darkness and oblivion." "Such language," observes Dr. Robinson, "would hardly be appropriate in speaking of a spot definitely known and marked by long tradition." But would it be more appropriate in speaking of a spot about which there was no tradition? How can men make every effort to give to oblivion that which was not remembered? Fancy the strenuous exertion of forgetting that which is forgotten! But Eusebius explains his own meaning;—these "impious men," after covering over the sepulchre with earth, had built upon it "a dark retreat or cavern for the lascivious demon Venus." Here, then, is the true oblivion and darkness; it was smothered, and the abomination of desolation was placed over it, so that no Christian could approach the spot. Hence the pilgrims resorted to Bethlehem the place of the Nativity, and to the Mount of Olives the scene of the Ascension. Though men knew where the tomb was, they were as effectually shut out from all acquaintance with the place, as the wandering traveller was shut out from knowing the palaces of Nineveh, before Botta or Layard had uncovered them, and while the mosque on the summit of the mound rendered the approach of a Christian dangerous. It was this kind of discovery, or uncovering, and not "invention," of which Eusebius expressly affirms that it was beyond all hope—*τὸ σεμνὸν καὶ πανάγιον τῆς Σωτηρίου ἀναστάσεως μαρτύριον παρ' ἐλπίδα πᾶσαν ἀνεφαίνετο*.<sup>\*</sup> Not, as Dr. Robinson says, that there was no hope of finding the place, but that the extent of the discovery was beyond all hope; they expected indeed to remove the traces of the defilements, and to set apart the site as holy ground; but no bystander was prepared to find the sepulchre come forth perfect and unbroken, with all its arrangements complete. There was another discovery which took place at the same time, and which indeed was unexpected; namely, that of the Cross, "the sign of His most holy Passion, which for so long a time had been hidden under ground." The recognition of this Constantine justly described as "a miracle beyond the capacity of man sufficiently to celebrate, or even to comprehend." But is it honest to assert that this miracle consisted in the discovery of the sepulchre, instead of in the identification of the cross? What is there here to warrant the author in saying, that "according to Eusebius the sepulchre had been consigned to utter oblivion, and its discovery was the result of a divine warning, accompanied by diligent inquiry"? What is there inconsistent with the existence of a tradition, that under the temple and idol erected by Adrian the remains of the tomb were hidden. Surely this is "darkness and oblivion" enough to satisfy Eusebius' words, without insisting upon the utter loss of all tradition respecting the whereabouts of the place. An antiquary hears of a tradition that a Saxon king is buried in a certain barrow; he digs, and finds a stone coffin, with a skeleton, a gold circlet round the brow, a gold ring on a finger, and gold ornaments about the person: would he not say that this was a remarkable discovery, beyond all hope or expectation? With what logic would you use this expression afterwards to throw discredit on the alleged tradition that had led him to the spot? So with regard to the Holy Sepulchre. A tomb was said to be there; Constantine dug, and a tomb was found: this one fact is sufficient to answer five hundred theories about its improbability. But we have not space to proceed. We only lament that a writer who argues so dispassionately, and with so good tone and

\* "The venerable and all-holy testimony of the Lord's resurrection reappeared beyond all hope."

temper, should manifest so marked an intellectual bias as amounts to a cool and premeditated unfairness.

*Béranger's Songs ; or, the Empire, the Peace, and the Restoration.* Translated into English verse by Robert B. Brough. (London, Addey and Co.) Béranger, for half a century, has been one of the forces of France. His songs have been on the lips of all classes, and have been the catechism from which multitudes have drawn all the political principles they have ever held. However we may lament his licentiousness, and his consequent hatred of Jesuits and priests, every one must confess his extraordinary ability, the brilliancy of his poetry, the incisiveness of his wit, and the manly straightforwardness of his character, as shown both in his writings and in his conduct. Mr. Brough's translations seem to be fairly executed, though we do not think that, even though the themes were of national interest to Englishmen, his diction would ever make the songs popular in this country. After all, it is not Béranger, but Brough.

*Craigcrook Castle.* By Gerald Massey. (London, Bogue.) Mr. Gerald Massey has had the misfortune to lose a baby, and has constructed a volume *in memoriam*, in which, to apply his own pretty words, "O'er his fallen fruit he heaps the withered leaves." Whether his leaves are withered we can scarcely tell; of some we doubt whether they ever had any life in them at all, or were ever in the category of things capable of withering, any more than the spangles or the mock-jewels of the actress' wardrobe. Others, however, are still young and green, and are so far from withered that they display a very springlike freshness. But we are positive about the heap; the lines in this book do not form a series, but simply a heap. The author tells us that they may be read as a continuous poem, or as divided into separate poems. He who reads trusting in the promise of continuity seeks for two grains of wheat in two bushels of chaff; he shall seek them all day e'er he find them; and when he has them, they are not worth the search. We thought of proving this point by forming a table of contents of the first few pages; but we found that we should have to quote each line, for almost each introduces a new subject. The changes are as abrupt, spasmodic, and irrational, as those in the dream of a drunkard. *Aut insanit homo, aut versus facit.* As he most certainly fulfils, sometimes with great sweetness and beauty, the latter part of the alternative, we must give him the benefit of the doubt on the former. We very much prefer the poems which refer to the loss of his child to all the rest; partly because they are the only ones we can understand, and partly because of the real tenderness, and the occasional beauty of thought and diction which they manifest. A man thinks long before he describes the birth of children as the mother diving into the sea of sorrow to bring up pearls; or the gift of a child as "God's butterfly on our love's flower alighting." The song at p. 32 on his withered rose-bud is very touching:

" Snow-white, snow-soft, snow-silently  
Our darling bud upcurled,  
And dropt i' the grave—God's lap."

And again:

" All too wild my passion burned,  
For the cooling dews it yearned,  
In my hot hands drooped my gentle flower and died."

Again, on the sorrow of the mother:

" Poor heart that danced among the vines  
All reeling-ripe with wild love-wines,  
Thou walk'st with Death among the pines!



orn mother, at the dark grave-door  
 She kneeleth, pleading o'er and o'er,  
 But it is shut for evermore.  
 She toileth on, the mournful'st thing,  
 At the vain task of emptying  
 The cistern whence the salt tears spring."

All this is very pretty and intelligible. But when he comes to his descriptions of nature, which he mysticises, we can no more translate his antics into language than the postures of an Indian war-dance. Is it not curious that as philosophers on the one hand go on reducing nature more and more to a humdrum but accurate journeyman mixing and compounding atoms with great nicety but with very little mystery, the poets, on the other, seize on this lay figure, and distort its limbs and joints into every imaginable and unimaginable contortion? The fears and superstitions of the pagans of old never imagined such life in nature as the words of our poets credit her withal. Are these words any test of a true and rational enjoyment of her beauties? Does a man stand with more pleasure under blossoming lime-trees because he has strained out the lines—

"A summer soul is in the limes; they stand  
 Low murmuring honey'd things that wing forth bees"?

Does he appreciate the deliciousness of a summer night better because he can describe it thus?

"The earth lay faint with love at the feet of heaven :  
 The breath of incense went up through the leaves  
 In a lown sigh of bliss. Warm winds on tiptoe  
 Walkt over the tall tree-tops. Above us burned  
 The golden legends on night's prophet-brow." &c.

To us this smells more of gas-light and side-scenes than of the open country. We do not consider ballet-dancers and acrobats the best actors, nor these posture-poets true interpreters of the soul. We thoroughly despise their sickly sentimental nature-worship, and their blurred indefiniteness, oblivious of the maxim, *ut pictura poesis*. Fancy attempting to paint the above description of a summer-night. Finally, we wish they would lay to heart the maxim of M. About, that "to enjoy nature it is not necessary to have the soul of a man who weeps over a periwinkle-flower."

*General Report on the Pathology of the Armies of the East.* By R. D. Lyons, M.B.T.C.D., principal Pathologist to the Army in the East. (Glasgow, Wm. Mackenzie.) This brochure is of too special an interest to be noticed in our pages, were it not that it is always gratifying to point to some Catholic who is at the head of his profession, and whose science is acknowledged by the whole country; and to be able to add that his being Professor of the Theory and Practice of Medicine in the Catholic University of Ireland gives a guarantee to its students for the soundness and depth of the instruction they receive. We believe that the medical school is at present the most flourishing division of the Catholic University.

*Mary our Immaculate Mother.* A Poem, by one of her Children. (London, Richardson.) Those who do not expect to find any thing good in a form so ephemeral as a blue-covered tract of twenty-four pages will be agreeably disappointed in this little poem. In spite of some repetitions in the first part, and of some terribly lengthy and involved paragraphs, there is much music and more erudition in the lines.



We think it but right to notify to such of our readers as are yet ignorant of the fact, that there exists a Catholic newspaper in Scotland, which, in respectability, good management, and ability, claims at least an equal rank with any of our Irish or metropolitan papers. We allude to the *Northern Times*, the editor of which, in spite of most disheartening difficulties, seems at last to have fought his way to a safe and a strong position. Without pretending to agree with all the views advocated in the paper, we can honestly recommend it as deserving the support of the Catholic body.

Among children's story-books we can recommend two very pretty series, published by Mr. Duffy—*Flowers from Foreign Fields*, by Father Charles, and another collection by "Brother James." They are prettily got up, and seem to us as interesting as the tales of Canon Schmid. Father Charles generally translates exceedingly well; but we have noticed occasional slips, as when he talks of "particular" for "private lessons," and "the faith of a coal-porter." We were not aware that either carbonari or coalheavers were famous for abundance of that article; though, for all we know, the French hawkers of books may be.

Mr. Formby has sent us copies of the second part of his *Pictorial Bible Stories*, his little book on the *Seven Sacraments*, and that on the *Holy Childhood of Jesus Christ*. A more charming Christmas present than the last little book it would be impossible to find. The translation of the Latin Devotions is much better and more English than any other with which we are acquainted, and the passages for meditation give the words of the Gospels and Prophets in their own sublime simplicity; thus giving the worshipper credit for that poetical sensibility which was so well understood, and so powerfully appealed to, by the mediæval compilers of Offices and Devotions, but which is so utterly ignored by the greater part of the modern French and Italian devotional writers, whose words are generally further diluted by a miserable English translation. The plates are all good.

*Nine Considerations on Eternity.* By Jerome Drexelius, S.J.; translated by Father Robert, Mount St. Bernard, Leicestershire. (London, Richardson.) It is by such meditations as these that the Cistercians of Leicestershire strengthen themselves for their asceticism, and for the heroic charity with which they undertake the reformation of our young criminals. They will be equally efficacious in fortifying any other Christian soul who uses them aright for doing or enduring whatever Providence enjoins or permits.

Another book of the same class, which we need merely notice, is the *Life of St. Peter of Alcantara*. (2 vols. Richardson.) Father Faber tells us that it is now published out of its turn, at the request of the late Earl of Shrewsbury, in order that it might appear in time for the consecration of the new cathedral at Shrewsbury.

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## Correspondence.

## THEOLOGIA MALE FERRATA.

*To the Editor of the Rambler.*

SIR,—I have often thought that if Etymology addressed theologians, she would do it in some such words as David used to the victims of original sin: "They are corrupt, and become abominable in their ways; there is none that doeth good, no not one." Here is my text. I shall now proceed to preach upon it. I have before me a little tract on the Eternity of Hell by Dr. Passaglia. He tells us that *αιωνιος* (*ayonios*) the Greek word for 'eternal,' comes from *αι ων* (*aei ohn*) 'always being.' It is an old story, but a false one. From *i* "to go" in Sanscrit (the *i-re* of Latin) comes by a regular process *ayur*, that which goes on, time, an age; and the Greek *αιων* (*ayohn*) is as like it as need be, when we know *ohn* is a common termination in Greek, and *ur* in Sanscrit. I can forgive old Petavius for such nonsense; but what business has a modern writer to affront my schoolboy knowledge, as if no Bopp existed? Besides, if *ayohn* is from *ayer ohn*, what does *ayei* come from?—it has 'going' too for its root. When men invented words, they applied them first to things visible, and afterwards transferred them to things invisible. A divine right of syllables is as ridiculous as a divine right of kings; as Nyssen has shown, in his treatise against Eunomius.\* Why, then, does this theologian talk in a way to make a decently well-informed schoolboy smile with contempt when language is in question? Nyssen, Bopp, and common sense together, might have shown him that words have a physical sense, before, by arbitrary limitation, they get a metaphysical one. Let me give an instance:—*chafatz* in Hebrew, means "to accept," "to be pleased with," and seldom occurs in any other sense. But if I was quite at a loss how to reconcile this with cognate words,—words, that is, with two radicals similar,—I could take my affidavit this was not its original sense. It is too metaphysical. But it had also the sense of "to wag" the tail. It does not require much observation to know that this act is the animal expression of pleasure. Many a good laugh have I had over the etymologies of fathers, schoolmen, and others. But before the existence of any such thing as comparative philology, this was a venial sin—I don't laugh at mortal sins. But since it exists, why should theologians consult old theologians about things wholly out of their province? If a man won't read etymologists, surely he might take the trouble to ask an etymologist whether he was making an exhibition of himself in an etymologist's eyes.

I dare say some of the old etymologies will be dished up again; so I will mention a few of them to justify my own assertions. *Cherubin* St. Austin says means "fulness of knowledge." Whoever told him so was about as wise an etymologist as the boy who inferred that *brum* was a stick, because *candela-brum* was a candlestick. *Bin* does mean knowledge; but *bim*, the real Hebrew termination (*bin* is a Chaldee one—they did not like final *m*'s any more than a Spaniard, who sings *Ave sanctun oleun*)—*im* is a plural termination: *cherub* therefore remains to be accounted for; and I suspect some rogue of a Jew told the Christians, for a bit of fun, that it meant *secundum multitudinem*, which

\* Page 761, I think, but haven't him by me.

they spliced on to the *bin* for themselves. "A lot of knowledge, as it were." Why, it would have set the gravest synagogue in a roar! Its real etymology is canvassed still; so I will hazard one. In proper names letters are often transposed. Thus, Shemuel (Samuel) is for Meshual "he who was *asked* for." Lamech for Malech, the *king* both of Cainite and Sethite dynasty at the flood. Cherubim, then, is nothing more than Hrecoobim, "chariot-seats," transposed; a word easy for a word hard to pronounce.

Having despatched the angel, let us now go to the devil. *Ophis*, "a serpent," says St. Anastasius of Sinai, is derived from  $\phi\epsilon\iota\varsigma$ , that which talked to Eve!!! How he would have stared if some honest Sinaite had told him that the same word existed in Hebrew, where it had no connection with speaking, but with foaming. If any etymologist wants a little pastime, I can strongly recommend him the chapter on etymology in St. Anastasius' *Vie dux*: it is as asinine as the theology is admirable. Baptism he takes from *ba-lein* and *ptaisma*, because it *casts* out the *fall*!!!

God himself meets with no better treatment. *Theos* is from His *putting all things* in order. The "all things" of this belongs to God; but the "putting" belongs to any body; and that is the only root at all like *Theos*: "the" is 'to put' in Greek. But how contemptible the scholars of this day would think a man who talked such nonsense as this! Its real etymology is from *div*, to shine, whence *deva*, respectable; much like *clarissimus* put before a critic's name. *Devs* or *Sdevs* = *Zeus*, shining. Heaven is transferred from a physical to a metaphysical sense; just as we talk of the will of Heaven; and at the same time a change takes place in the sound, by the common change of theta for delta, thus *Dheos* becomes *Theos*, or with its original digamma,  $\Theta\epsilon\phi\omicron\varsigma$ . I only wish I had made a collection of all the absurd specimens I have seen; they are about as wise in the way of etymology as if I derived *hypocrite* from "judge of horses," because I thought judges of horses rogues. They are about as trustworthy as Dr. Ashe's *curmudgeon*, from *cœur*, unknown, and *méchante*, correspondent; because Dr. Johnson gave "unknown correspondent" as his authority for the etymology *cœur méchante*. I suppose, by the way, it is a Gypsy, *i.e.* a Hindoo word, from *hermudjana*, born from his deeds, wicked. I spell it badly, but intelligibly.

Really it does seem worth while to try, by these few specimens, to show up the utter and irretrievable nonsense which theologians talk when they get quite out of their sphere. For nonsense of this kind does harm; it makes wise men appear geese. To trace the sense of a word etymologically, often, though not always, enables us to appreciate with greater exactness its present meaning. But there may be an etymological habit of mind, as well as a theological one; and if I was entitled to any opinion on the matter, I should strongly recommend those who have done no acts of etymology, to take it for granted that they have not the habit. If he knows nothing of medicine, a slight complaint compels a theologian to have recourse to the doctor. The same course may be safely recommended (with all due respect to all the great names I have mentioned) in etymology. And indeed, Mr. Editor, you might do well to show this to some etymologist, lest I should fall into a trap myself, as many people often do. But about the general truth inculcated I have not an *atom* of misgiving. Yours, &c.

J. B. M.



